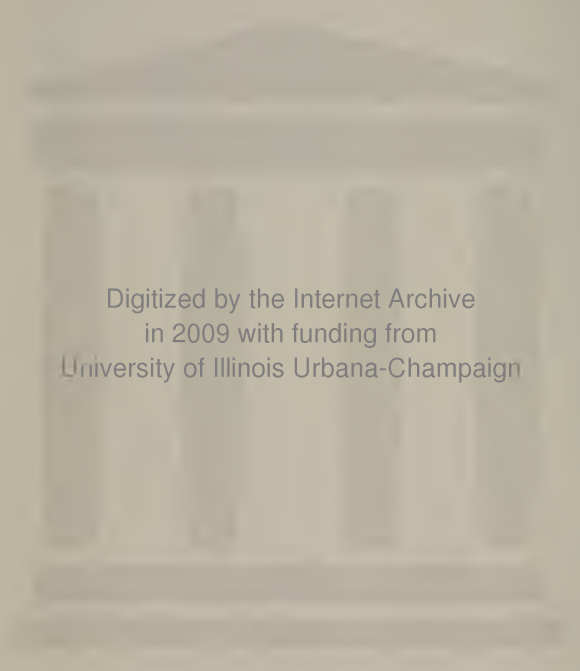


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LEGEND AND ROMANCE.

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# LEGEND AND ROMANCE,

AFRICAN AND EUROPEAN.

BY RICHARD JOHNS,

LIEUT. ROYAL MARINES.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

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## P R E F A C E.

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IN these Legends the Author attempts to embody some small portion of the romance incidental to the connection between Europe and Africa.

The descriptions of localities introduced are either from his personal observation, or the unpublished authority of greater voyagers than he pretends to be, who have kindly assisted him in his topography.

With reference to Western Africa, scenes are laid among pirates and slave-dealers, which, it is to be regretted, cannot introduce more respectable *dramatis personæ*; but such only were the characters lent by Europe to these

coasts, till Great Britain commenced her efforts for the abolition of the slave-trade: efforts which, it is to be hoped, will at length be successful, and then brighter days may dawn on Africa's unhappy shores; but such as they were during the periods referred to, has been portrayed, so far as necessary for the illustration of the Legends.

The history of Sebastian King of Portugal is involved in much obscurity by the contradictory statements of contemporary historians; but the Author, with deference, suggests that the ground he has taken is fully as capable of defence as of assault; though he means not, by such assertion, to throw down the gauntlet to those who would unmercifully sift the historical gatherings of a poor story-teller, in the hope of finding them chaff. Dom Luis de Montoyo has, for the purposes of the narrative, been made the tutor, when he was, in point of fact, the confessor of Sebastian; but in all other matters, even to the intro-



duction of the orange-tree into Portugal by Camöens, if the Author be contradicted by one chronicler, he finds himself supported by another; and often left with so clear a stage for conjecture, that he feels himself fairly entitled to take up the position which pleases him best.

A much admired authoress, Miss Porter, has founded a popular romance on the history of Sebastian; but the writer of the present tale trusts that his treatment of the subject will secure him from the charge of plagiarism.

Desirous of avoiding the affectation of notes to so trifling a work as the present, and wishing to be exempted from the severity of criticism with regard to data, the writer must make a few appeals to the recollection of the reader, before introducing to his notice the last story, "Vata, the Leveller of Altars." The Druids of ancient Britain are supposed by some to have led a life of celibacy. He presumes, on the insufficiency of proof, as regards

this point, to imagine that, in a community where the laity held their wives in common, so rigid a continence was not likely to have existed among a priesthood originally patriarchal; particularly as of three orders of Druidesses one only was devoted to a species of monastic seclusion; the two other classes attended on the Druids, the lowest grade performing for them the most servile and familiar offices. Having thus deprecated the censure of antiquaries in this particular, the Author would now account for his having blended the doctrine of deism with the fantastic machinery of heathen polytheism in the conversations between the characters introduced, by reminding the curious in these matters that the former was the secret religion of the Druids, the latter considered by them as fables fitted to the comprehension of the people.

With reference to another part of this story, it may be remembered that the infant sacri-

fices of the Carthaginians at the altar of Moloch, called forth the reprobation even of heathen writers. The worship of the *living* serpent is an idolatry, the tradition of which claims for it an antiquity before the flood; that of the *brazen* appears to have been grafted thereon after the raising of that symbol by Moses in the Wilderness.

One more exculpatory suggestion, and the reader will not be further troubled on matters of little moment.

The decided volcanic formation of many of the Western African Islands proves the fact of some ancient combustion in that quarter of the globe, and the author imagines that in working out his story he has not made any very great geological blunder.

H.M.S. Howe, — Sheerness.

Jan. 1839



SEBASTIAN OF PORTUGAL.



# SEBASTIAN OF PORTUGAL.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE QUINTA.

THE waters of the Tagus were hurrying past the ancient castle of Belem, while the roaring waves at the mouth of the harbour seemed angrily demanding that tribute which the obedient current was hastening to pay. The sun had but just set, and its glories lingered behind the blue mountains of Cintra, like a realm of light hidden from the eye of man by the shadows of earth; when a small four-oared boat made its rapid way along the Alemtejo side of the river. Not content with

the speed lent to their course by the rushing tide, the rowers had pulled strongly from an obscure landing-place at the bridge of Alcantara; and, apparently shunning observation, kept apart from other barks, till, suddenly dashing in-shore, they disappeared up a narrow creek that ran beside the dilapidated walls of a small tower. Here, lost to the sight of any curious eye that might have been watching their movements from the Tagus, two Fidalgos, for such their garb betokened them, pushed aside the curtained awning at the stern of the boat, and, both rising, one obsequiously offered the assistance of his arm to his companion,—a courtesy rejected with some asperity of manner.

“An ill-timed compliment, Dom Christovao !” in an under-tone remarked the taller stranger, who studiously kept his person enveloped in his cloak; a fold of which, thrown over the shoulder, concealed the face of the speaker. This reproof was received with a deferential but somewhat haughty bow by the nobleman addressed, who turned to give orders to the



boatmen, while his companion proceeded alone towards a thicket of neglected vines which skirted a vineyard, on the borders of which they had disembarked.

Ere the stranger had entered on the more cultivated ground which rose gradually from the banks of the river, Dom Christovao again joined him, and with a silver call sounded a shrill whistle; a signal answered by the approach of two powerful barbs, led by Moorish grooms. These noble animals came prancing and curvetting down the broad path of the vineyard, spurning the control of long reins pendent from heavy iron bits which they champed with impatience; and their richly-ornamented trappings clashed noisily as the tall steeds tossed their heads, almost lifting their leaders from the earth. Dom Christovao was the first to spring into the saddle; and the horse he bestrode, evidently knowing him, became in an instant obedient to command. Holding a tight rein, the young nobleman watched with much interest the mounting of his companion, which promised to be a

matter of greater difficulty. The black charger allotted him reared almost on its haunches, threatening to brain the grooms, who were now both endeavouring to bring the fiery animal into subjection; while he for whom the steed was designed stood admiringly regarding the scene, either willing to prolong the struggle, or doubtful if it were yet safe to put foot into the stirrup.

“The Senhor Abrantes is, I trust, at length convinced that it is impossible to back that intractable beast; he had nearly corrupted by his evil communication my docile Azim,” said Dom Christovao, patting the neck of his horse, and hesitating as he spoke, as though fearful of giving offence. “If the Senhor will permit me to dismount, I will resign my seat to him; other barbs are in attendance at the head of the vineyard.”

“Dom Christovao de Montoyo,” angrily responded the stranger we now introduce by the name of Abrantes, “Æthon was brought here at my express desire. Keep your saddle, Senhor; you have not belied his character: but

this evening will I ride him, and, the holy saints be our help, bring down his spirit. Nor man nor beast shall —”

Here, suddenly checking the exclamation that was about to escape him, he stepped aside, discarded his cloak, broke the loop of his hat, and slouched it over his face ; while, further to conceal his features, he passed a sash across the crown, knotting it beneath his chin. With the most reckless daring he now dashed at the enraged animal, which had just borne one of the grooms to the earth ; and ere the man, who was but little hurt, had time to rise, Abrantes was in the saddle, had leaped the horse over the prostrate Moor, and, striking the sharp iron of the stirrups into the flanks of the maddened beast, he tore up the vineyard.

“ The saints will indeed have enough to do if they preserve him !” muttered Dom Christovao to himself, when, ascertaining that his servant was not killed, he followed the track of the venturous horseman.

On leaving the immediate neighbourhood of the river, the road for some distance was

rugged and undefined ; here the Senhor looked in vain for his former companion : but a quarter of an hour's hard riding brought him to a more level and open country, where he descried the cavalier, whom he had expected ere then to have found unhorsed on the road, careering at full speed round a large cork-tree, which served the "rough-rider" as a centre wherewith to mark his circus of exercise.

"Behold the wild horse tamed !" exclaimed he, perceiving Montoyo, and galloping towards him. Æthon was completely mastered, covered with foam, and panting with distended nostril. "On, Christovao, on !" continued the excited Abrantes, once more taking the lead at a pace which the noble Azim, though yielding in fleetness to few barbs, found it difficult to emulate, and which precluded all conversation between the horsemen.

This desperate riding in about half an hour brought our travellers to an ancient Quinta, which, seen in the shadows of evening, now falling on every object, seemed of great magnitude, but in reality was indebted for this ap-

pearance to the raised terrace on either side, which branched from a building of moderate proportions, and terminating in trellised arbours overlooking the road.

As the strangers advanced, a shadowy form might have been perceived gliding from one of these observatories, as if their coming had been watched for ; and, ere they had reached the portals of the Quinta, the gates were opened for their admittance, and servants were in readiness to take their horses. A grey-headed domestic, whom the cavaliers greeted by the name of José, ushered Abrantes and Montoyo across a court-yard, and through an antechamber, into a saloon illuminated by tapers in massive candelabra ; their light reflected by long mirrors deeply set in the dark wainscot panelling of the walls. Elaborately carved mouldings, and cornices richly gilt, relieved the sombre magnificence of the apartment ; at the end of which several small fountains played, in mimicry of columns supporting a cumbrous side-table of marble,—its white and veinless slab bearing preparation for the evening repast. Two

maidens, whose individual loveliness was heightened by the contrast they afforded to each other, awaited their expected guests, under the apparent guardianship of an ancient lady, diminutive in form, and of sallow cheek, that had long bidden adieu to the bloom of youth, but which just then exhibited a high colouring, arising from a perturbation strongly resembling anger.

Donna Beatrice, who, by the courtesy due to gentle blood, first demands the exercise of our descriptive powers, was so exquisitely fair that she might have been supposed a native of our northern clime : nor need her dark hazel eyes, and the deep brown of her clustering tresses, which gave light and shade to features of the strictest Grecian outline, have broken the illusion ; for what is there of beauty on earth that does not blend in the loveliness of our fair countrywomen ? Her stature was that happy medium which, though considered short in man, gives to a female the extreme height which does not entitle its possessor to the unenviable distinction of being designated a tall



woman; and her form, which was roundly moulded, well became her costume. She wore a dress of rich black silk, with full sleeves of the fairest lawn, confined at the wrists with broad bracelets of jet. Falling around the upper part of her closely-fitting bodice was a kind of half pelerine, also of fine lawn, embroidered in delicate needle-work, leaving the snowy neck uncovered, and descending in a point to the waist: here hung a string of curiously wrought beads, to which was attached a cross of plain gold,—the most elaborate toilet being incomplete without these ever ready incentives to Catholic devotion.

In the companion of the Donna were seen the clear olive complexion of a Moorish maiden; hair that emulated in its glossy blackness the raven's wing; dark eyes, lustrous with the fire of an impassioned soul; while the slight aquiline of the nose, the pouting ruby of the lip, and rounded chin gently swelling over the deep throat, gave a voluptuous expression to her truly oriental beauty. She was attired in a dress of bright purple cachemire, relieved by

coloured embroidery round the skirt and bodice; the flowing sleeves fastened at the wrists by golden bands, and a rich girdle wrought of blue and gold cord gathered the folds of drapery at her waist. Scarcely so tall as Beatrice, her form was more fully developed; and this made her appear much the senior of her patroness; though, of nearly equal age, neither of the friends had yet attained eighteen years. We call them friends, since friends indeed they were in all the equality of friendship. The Senhora Juana Saltero was much scandalized on this account; for Zuma was in point of fact a slave, having been captured by the father of Donna Beatrice in Barbary when a mere child, and had continued from that period the companion of her young mistress, who regarded her as a sister rather than a dependant.

Having thus introduced the ladies of our dramatis personæ to the reader, we are reminded that earlier acquaintance still remain undescribed. The stranger, who had before appeared so anxious to preserve his incognito, now displayed a tall, graceful, but firmly knit form: his



features were strongly marked, and commanding in expression ; while any harshness that might be detected in the bold outline of the face was redeemed by the broad high forehead and full blue eye of the handsome cavalier. His companion, Dom Christovao de Montoyo, was shorter, but well-proportioned for his stature : his dark eyes glanced from beneath brows which, meeting above his finely arched nose, disfigured a face otherwise good-looking ; and the smile that lighted up the deep olive of his complexion, had to the eye of the physiognomist a sinister expression in its very brightness. We are writing of a courtier in the sixteenth century ; and, if such smiles are rife now-a-days, may we be exonerated from the charge of taking from the present to people the past ! The material world changes but on its surface,—its depths remain the same for ages : thus, in the moral world, manners and customs may be fashioned anew ; but man, in all his essential attributes, continues unaltered.

On the entrance of the Senhors, the Donna Beatrice received Christovao with the fond em-

brace of a sister, for such was her relationship to him ; but, ere the customary salutations of familiar intercourse were generally exchanged, the Senhora Juana, who, as we have hinted before, seemed to be rather excited by some recent vexation, hastened to disclose the cause of her disquietude.

“ I appeal to you,” said the agitated Duenna, fluttering her fan as if endeavouring to keep time with the rapidity of her utterance, — “ I appeal to you both ; to you, Dom Christovao de Montoyo, the head of the honourable house of that name since the death of our revered lord and now beatified saint Dom Louis de Montoyo,—and to you, Senhor Abrantes, the friend of the family of our deceased lord, (to whom the holy mother of Heaven give grace and glory !) and chosen companion of Dom Christovao, our present Marquis, (whom the blessed host of heaven have in their holy keeping !)—yes ! Senhors, I appeal to you, and ask if it be maidenly and proper that there should be a watching in an arbour and a racing on a terrace at this time of evening (I may say night),

and an ordering to open gates, and an inattention to the respect due to a Senhora of some consideration and attainments, and skill in embroidery and all other lady-like accomplishments, merely because a young nobleman brings a friend with him from the city of Lisboa ?”

The cavaliers, who were used to these little bursts of temper on the part of the Duenna, good-naturedly attempted to soothe the offended little lady: the culprit needed not to be named, for Zuma's tell-tale cheeks were suffused with blushes. She looked beseechingly at Beatrice, who readily came to her assistance.

“ Indeed, my dear Duenna ! you are too harsh with Zuma. We were all anxiously expecting our guest and my brother. If it were only that their late arrival caused a delay in our evening repast, this might plead with you for Zuma's impatience ; but five minutes since, you wished to the saints that Dom Christovao would remember our hour of refection was sunset, and not midnight !”

It was now the Senhora's turn for embarrass-

ment. Having acted as Duenna for two generations in the family, she managed to rule the whole establishment with a rod of iron ; but it was seldom she permitted herself to impugn any measure emanating from the sacred head of the house of Montoyo for the time being : such a dereliction of duty and respect, even in so important a person as herself, approaching in her estimation to crime ; though she boasted a consanguinity with the present lord not more than twenty times removed. Her distress, however, was unheeded : the old lady was about to commence an exculpatory reply, parenthetical, as was her wont, of blessings on the family, when she perceived that the young people were too much engaged in their communications with each other to promise an attentive auditory. The Senhora therefore contented herself by the half utterance of a sort of murmuring apology to Dom Christovao ; and then, making a sign for José's approach, he having been in waiting at the end of the saloon, she very audibly scolded him for not at once announcing that supper was in readiness.

It was much to the Duenna's satisfaction when the party seated themselves on low couches placed on either side the marble table, where fruits, wines, and confections, served on salvers massively but coarsely wrought, invited appetite. The little fountains, as they played in their shell-shaped basins, cooled the hot air with their refreshing spray; while the flame of the tapers scarcely bent to the evening breeze from the distant windows: these opened on a shrubbery, where the pale moon, rising above the trees, now shed a stream of light on leaf and blossom. Old José was the only attendant; and here were assembled, under the mask of ingenuous seeming, hearts whose every throb laboured at the concealment of their real feelings.

Were we bent on carrying our present narrative through three goodly volumes in place of compressing its details into one, we might be tempted to moralize during the remainder of the chapter. Without imputing duplicity to our readers, we would ask if they have not joined in social circles where after-expe-

rience has proved that conscience, a severe though silent accuser, must have been busy with the hearts of those whom to doubt then would have been considered treason against the truth of man. Though an attempt was occasionally made at general conversation,—that most difficult form of colloquial intercourse,—there was a restraint among the party, which to the close observer might have told of minds ill at ease. It was apparent that Christovao was anxious to commend his sister to the attentions of Abrantes ; but neither the Senhor nor the Senhora seemed to have that bearing towards each other which could satisfy the brother that the mutual feeling he wished to encourage actually existed. The regards of his friend were often wholly withdrawn from Donna Beatrice, and admiringly fixed on the Moorish girl, who certainly appeared the most cheerful of the circle, except when her bright eyes caught the cold and suspicious gaze of her patron Christovao ; she would then, as if shrinking within herself, falter in the expression of some playful remark and be silent.



Again called into conversation, she watched for his approving smile; and, this obtained, once more was she happy.

“You never sing now, Zuma, as you were wont to do when first Montoyo brought me to this abode of beauty,” said Abrantes; and, though his eye glanced towards Beatrice, it returned to the beaming face of the Moorish maid, even including the Senhora Saltero in the circuit of its regard, who evidently took her full share of the compliment.

“I will sing if you wish it, and Dom Christovao permits. But the Donna Beatrice sings;—oh! how much rather would I hear her!”

This was said in sincerity by the unaffected girl, who was fondly attached to her protectress, and cared little to display her own natural accomplishments.

“The Donna will then perhaps sing to us?” responded the Fidalgo, turning to their fair hostess.

“Most willingly, if Zuma will commence when I cease.” And here looks were exchanged between Beatrice and Abrantes, which called

forth one of Christovao's most expressive smiles as he rose from his seat and placed a lute in his sister's hands.

"Holy mother of Heaven!" cried the Senhora Saltero, snatching the instrument away with a violence against which its every chord appealed in a burst of vibration. "Blessed saints! have you forgotten, Donna Beatrice, the penance Padré Chavès imposed on you at my request for going to sleep when I was reading you a homily? You are not to touch lute, or sing song, for this week to come."

"Forgive me, dear Duenna," replied Beatrice, smiling amiably; "I had *indeed* forgotten;" and, again taking the instrument from the hands of the Senhora, she transferred it to Zuma, who, after a wild and plaintive symphony, sang in a rich soprano a Moorish ballad.

A Moorish girl, in her silent bower,  
Watch'd for the sun, as a broken flower  
Looks for the glow of that beaming ray  
Which comes to heal, or to haste decay.

For a knight of Christian chivalry  
That morn would die by her sire's decree;  
Or claim, as a recreant renegade,  
The trembling hand of the Moorish maid.



The sun is up in the sapphire sky,  
But it comes to see how a knight can die :  
And true in life to the "harem's pride,"  
As true in death to his faith, he died !

A gem is borne to the silent bower,—  
To her who droop'd like a dying flower :  
That little cross has a crimson stain,  
The parting gift of the Christian slain.

The "harem's pride" has that fatal token  
Press'd to a heart that is crush'd and broken ;  
And the Houries weep for a sister's loss,—  
She died in the faith of the Holy Cross !

As the strain ceased, Christovao approached Zuma, whose eyes were full of tears, so completely did she feel the tale of sorrow she had been singing. Leading her aside, he thanked her for the pleasure she had given him, and afforded opportunity for a few words of almost whispered conference between Beatrice and Abrantes. It might have referred to Zuma's ballad, or to matters of deeper import ; but as the Senhora Saltero, though she anxiously listened, could not discover the subject of this conversation, we intend that it shall remain a secret for the present, not feeling called upon to commit ourselves by a breach of confidence.

It yet wanted an hour to midnight when the horses were ordered. The cavaliers again mounted, the Senhor Abrantes now consenting to ride a quieter animal than the wild barb which had brought him to the Quinta; and beneath the broad light of the full moon they kept their noble coursers at speed, till they once more reached the banks of the river, where their boat was in waiting to retrace its course towards the bridge of Alcantara.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE PADRÉ.

THERE is a little village, midway between the banks of the Tagus and the river Sado, now fallen into decay, but, at the time of which we write, boasting many houses in its long straggling street, together with a very respectable chapel, the ruins of which may yet be traced. The Padré who served this cure was confessor to the Montoyo family, and an especial favourite with the Senhora Saltero.

He lived in a commodious dwelling at the entrance of the hamlet ; for, though a frequent guest at the Quinta, no inducement could persuade him altogether to take up his abode there. His predecessor had been a sort of

resident chaplain to the old Marquis, who, during the latter years of his life, was himself a *religieux*: but Padré Chavès, when through court influence he was recommended to the notice of Dom Christovao, held the cure of a neighbouring village; which not being more than a mile from the Quinta, he performed the duties of his new appointment without resigning the comforts of a private establishment.

“No! no! — I want no resident confessorship,” soliloquized the ruddy-faced and portly priest, one evening about a week after our narrative commences, as he was seated in his sanctum, which overlooked the street, without permitting curious eyes to watch the Padré at his devotions. This was an ejaculation of thankfulness for freedom of action, often drawn from him when, as at that moment, deep in the enjoyment of a flow of soul invited by a second magnum of “sacrificio.” Bottles and a drinking-cup were before the happy churchman, on a little round table not more rotund than the goodly paunch which half-rested

thereon; and with such concomitants Padré Chavès felt himself at home, and blessed the comfortable feeling.

Though indulging thus in solitude and soliloquy, our new acquaintance was not a lonely man: his niece, who most assiduously managed his household, had only just gone out on a gossiping visit to a few of her neighbours, and would be back ere long. The worthy Padré was not at all impatient for her return; she exercising an authority over him not much to his liking, and which might just then greatly interfere with the continuance of his tranquil enjoyment. But was she not his niece, — the child of his defunct sister? — the arrival of whose orphan at his abode had recalled, as he said, the memory of a dear relative, — though his most familiar acquaintance had never heard mention of her before. Padré Chavès was not a man to contend with a poor weak woman, except for the immediate good of her soul; and Marguerita was too pretty withal to be denied his ghostly protection, he having a great fear that she might go wrong *without*

his guidance. Such were, no doubt, the Padre's reasons for surrendering so quietly much of the freedom which a residence under a roof, solely his, might have secured him ; and it was generally when the niece went forth to tattle with her village gossips that the reverend uncle found it most convenient to retire to his room.

“ Holy St. Bernard ! who *can* want me *now* ? ” cried the Padre, as he replaced on the table a cup of wine, which he had but that moment raised to his lips. A smart knocking at the door of the house, as with the handle of a whip, had caused this surprising act of forbearance. Thus disturbed, he prepared to meet the intruder, who, he soon found, had obtained admittance below.

The stairs creaked under the weight of the ponderous priest as he descended till he could get a convenient view of the passage leading to the door, where his boy Antoine had just given entrance to a saucy-looking varlet, whose whole bearing betokened him the follower of some noble about the court. Loose was his jerkin, and tight at the knees were his hose ;

many were the buttons, and thick the fringe of silken cord, which bedizened him; while his beaver, set jauntily on one side the head, sported a small feather in a loop of gold.

“And is it thou, Nicolao?” exclaimed the *Padré*, as soon as he caught a full view of the visitor: “the holy St. Pedro welcome thee above, as freely as I do now! Up with thee, —up with thee, my son; thou art no stranger here:” and, thus saying, the priest retraced his steps, quickly followed by the friend he had so familiarly greeted; who, as he took three stairs at a stride, arrived at the sanctum just as the august form of his host had cleared its portal.

“So ho! father,” shouted the laughing Nicolao, as he caught sight of the solitary wine-cup and attendant bottles; “thou tell’st thy beads on rosy brimmers, in place of other rosaries: commend me to such worship!”

“Thou art a profane and graceless jester,” replied the *Padré*, taking a second cup and a third bottle from a closet; “but I suppose I must bear with thee, for thou servest a



Fidalgo of a court as zealous in the cause of holy church as can be found in Christendom. Dom Sebastian is a goodly—a godly prince; and, though he has lately distrusted the Jesuits, he continueth in the true faith as to all-other orders of our priesthood; hateth Turks and Infidels too with a most pious fervour, though civil to Jews and Heretics withal, which is a weakness. But I am not going to read thee a homily; I warrant thy new master is a good Christian since he is about the King, and *his* grace must cover *thy* gracelessness. There, sit thee down, and over a cup of wine tell me the courtly news: but no scandal, my son!—I will not hear scandal!—’Tis said the King is not such a roisterer among the Donnas as his great-uncle Dom Duarte; and yet there are whispers, that love in another quarter, and that light of its kind, has influenced Sebastian’s refusal of a bevy of princesses.”

Nicolao, who had been regarding the priest with the leering, twinkling eye and curled lip



of ironical admiration, now interrupted his disquisition on the morals of royalty with a most unceremonious laugh.

“Thou art doubtless a most incurious *Padré* about court scandal,” said he; “and it is well thy lot has just now fallen on one who would not for the world shock thy chaste ear with idle gallantries:” then putting on a grave countenance, which was ludicrous in the saucy *Nicolao* from its very gravity, he continued: “No, *Padré Chavès*; I am come to your priesthood on a matter very different in its character from such impure passages in court history. Marriage, father, — the holy sacrament of marriage! that inimitable invention of our great progenitor Adam, who most consistently was faithful to one woman, seeing that there was no other just then to make him fail in his truth. — Yes! immaculate churchman! I want you to join in the holy trammels of matrimony a *Senhor* who values your services so highly that he means to give you the blessed privilege of bestowing some-

where about fifty pieces of gold on any charitable object, lay or clerical, which may interest so sapient a Padré as yourself."

Here Nicolao drew forth a heavy bag, and placed it before him on the table; while the priest's eyes actually gloated on the canvass which contained so much treasure. In imagination he had already bestowed it on a most deserving object, at least in his own opinion; certainly no one *wanted* it more than the Padré Chavès, and to his purposes he resolved it should be devoted. Thus cogitating, he quietly said,

"Speak out, Nicolao; who is this pious son of the church?—and when and where is the marriage to be performed? There are difficulties, I doubt not; yet charity to the needy is too holy an act not to propitiate the saints in giving the wishes of their hearts to those who seek them after such a goodly fashion: but how can thy master, Dom Abrantes, spare thee from attendance on his person, to run the errands of another?"

"As to my master sparing me," said the

servitor, with an air of swaggering independence as he helped himself to a cup of wine, "the hours we have passed over the bottle together have not been in his company, I think ; so you need not wonder at his dispensing with my presence for a while. But this is nothing to the purpose ; that is *my* affair, *yours* is to perform the marriage. You were right in supposing that it was not just to pronounce a nuptial benediction at the high-altar at Belem, or the cathedral of Lisboa, which would earn you fifty pieces. You have not forgotten your court education, I perceive ; so now I will just tell you what you will have to do for the pious gratification of distributing this purse of gold to the needy. To-morrow night be in the chapel of "Our Lady of the Miracle," in the glen of the Arabida, at the third hour after vespers. Let no light be on the altar : the single lamp that ever hangs above it will suffice to show you those you have to marry. Ask no questions, but perform the ceremony as quickly as possible ; and then," cried Nicolao, raising his voice, and

slapping the Padré on the back as he at once dismissed the serious air of dictation with which he had been speaking,—“ then, Padré Chavès ! hie thee home, looking neither to the right nor to the left ; or thou mayest get a cudgel across thy holy shoulders, as thou didst when first I had the honour of making thy acquaintance, saving thee, as I did then, from being murdered by the miller for”—

—“Confessing his wife at unseasonable hours,” hastily interrupted the confessor : “ not a word more, my son ! I *do* own that appearances were a little against me in the matter you speak of ; I was injudicious in choosing so late a period of the evening : but we will dismiss the subject. You will allow I have proved my prudence in all affairs the gallants of the court have entrusted me with ; come, tell me who is the Senhora ? I suspect your master is the Senhor I am to oblige.”

“ Trouble not yourself with such suspicions, Padré ; the less you know on this head the better : so ask no questions, and it may save you from mischief.”

“Doubtless, doubtless,” smoothly responded the priest, at this warning from his friend. “Only, I pray thee, tell me one thing; will there not be *another* bag of gold when the marriage is over?”

Nicolao now seemed to have lost all patience with his host. “Thou most unconscionable *Padré!*” shouted he; “I tell thee no. There! take *this* bag, and bless thy stars it holds so much.” Then, moderating his tone, he continued: “One more bottle, friend, and I must go; so let us speak of this little affair no more, and drink our wine in peace. Dost ever call at the miller’s now?”

“For shame—for shame, my son! I like not such vain discourse. The boy shall bring us lights, and I will get thee a flask of the best; though thou dost abuse the licence I give thee.”

Thus saying, *Padré Chavès* bestowed his gold in the cupboard, whence he drew the promised magnum. Two tapers were brought to the door, but no further,—the priest receiving and placing them on a side-table:

then, reseating himself, he remarked with evident satisfaction as he sunk back into his chair, "My niece is late abroad to-night; close thou the shutters, Nicolao."

This task being readily performed by the obedient guest, "the boon companions" recommenced their wine. The servitor, despite his threat of staying but for one bottle more, was easily persuaded to see out another, and another; while the *Padré* was too delighted at the acquisition of the gold, the presence of an old associate, and the opportune absence of *Marguerita*, not to feel inclined for even *extra* indulgence, albeit a difficult point to reach with so habitual a toper. All concealment and restraint forsook him: he felt, that if there were a creature in the world to whom he could unburthen himself, it was Nicolao, who well knew the priest's peccadilloes, and had in fact by the discovery of them, on more than one occasion, got *Chavès* completely within his power.

"Don't talk to me of women," cried the *Padré*, in answer to some of the servitor's free

jokes; "I have forsaken them, treacherous minxes! I believe my niece would hand me over to the new inquisitors if she found me confessing millers' wives after hours now-a-days. Let us stick to wine. Nicolao," continued the priest, "dost know what I mean to do with thy fifty pieces? The greatest charity I can confer upon society is to explain the nature of beverages which the ingenuity of man hath concocted under the specious generical name of wine. I am certain that little is known about vinous poisons; and what is more deleterious than bad drink?"

Here the Padré took a draught at the flagon before him, which proved his perfect confidence in the present tippie being especially good. Another and another pull at the cup succeeded, till, it is to be feared, his intended inquiry into the pernicious qualities of vinous poison was, for the present, lost in the general philosophy of drinking, on which point he became peculiarly discursive.

"My son," remarked the maudlin Padré, looking with grave aspect at Nicolao, who was



fooling him to the top of his bent, "drinking is an honest occupation, and injures no one. Look at the lower animals; they always enjoy a draught more than a feed. The horse snorts with delight in his bucket; the cat purrs as she laps; the ducks lift their heads in gratitude to Heaven even for a throttle-full of muddy water from a green pond. Oh! drinking is a blessed act throughout all creation; and man, being alone in the possession of reason, has invented wine: but it ought to be good, Nicolao. Even instinct teaches where the best liquor is to be found. Look at the bee," droned the Padré, closing his eyes and shaking his head as though he were delivering a homily,—for the purple draughts he had taken sadly bewildered his brain; "look at the bee; how he goes from flower to flower, tasting and tasting the mawkish stuff till he comes to the hollyhock; and there he sticks till he swills his full, like a jolly fellow, and drops where he drank. Now for the moral, Nicolao, my son!" and Padré Chavès opened his eyes wide in a sort of ecstasy, which made his companion roar with



laughter; "I will *sing* my moral: you may laugh if you will; but that little insect shames man, even the wisest, who drinks bad liquor."

Then, fixing himself securely in his chair, he trolled forth with a deep bass voice this moral lay:

"What is the love of the tulip to me?"  
Said the happy and droning tipsy bee;  
"The rose may blush as I hasten by,  
The lily may hang her head and die;  
But oh! at their jealous pangs I mock,  
Mine be the juice of the hollyhock—  
To sip the sweets of the hollyhock—  
The tipsy sweets of the hollyhock;  
Mine, mine, mine the juice of the hollyhock!"

And what is the blush of the fairest cheek?  
And what care I for the love it may speak?  
Black eye, or hazel, or azure hue,  
May weep, like flowers, in pearly dew;  
For oh! at the pangs of love I mock,  
As sips the bee of the hollyhock—  
The tipsy sweets of the hollyhock:  
Oh! mine be the vineyard's purple stock,—  
Wine! wine! wine! like juice of the hollyhock!

Let others look to the stores of the hive,  
And, like humble-bees, with the thrifty thrive;  
Away with care, and let toil be o'er;  
The reeking grape gives us wine in store:

For oh ! at the woes of life I mock,  
As sips the bee of the hollyhock—  
The tipsy sweets of the hollyhock :  
Oh ! mine be the vineyard's purple stock,—  
Wine ! wine ! wine ! like the juice of the hollyhock !

“ Bravely sung, my friend ! bravely sung ! ”  
cried the delighted servitor ; “ why, thou art  
a naturalist, and a philosopher, and the most  
immaculate of *padrés*. ”

“ And are you not both ashamed of yourselves ? ” exclaimed a shrill voice at the door  
of the apartment. “ *Senhor Nicolao*, is such  
your friendship for the *Padré*, when you know  
that a little wine makes him almost beside  
himself ? ”

With this affecting appeal to *Nicolao's* conscience for having beguiled the *abstemious*  
priest into a debauch, entered *Marguerita*, a  
buxom damsel of about five-and-twenty years.  
Her uncle regarded her with the leaden eye of  
intoxication, for the sudden appearance of his  
affectionate relative had quite finished him.  
*Nicolao*, who had been taught to drink among  
bull-fighters, was sufficiently composed to make

all proper excuses. The Padré was carefully led to his bed, after which the servitor ratified a peace over a glass of *liqueur* with the mollified lady; and then, seeking his horse, was in a few minutes on his road to Lisbon.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE ARABIDA.

WHEN *Padré Chavès* awoke in the morning, it was with a perfect recollection of the circumstances which had marked the previous night. Had he required reminding, his memory was sufficiently refreshed with respect to the debauch he had been guilty of by divers shrill harangues on the subject from his fair niece; while the matrimonial negociation afforded him a much more pleasing “forget me not” in the bag of gold, which he found hidden away in a cupboard, safe from the observation of *Marguerita’s* bright and piercing eyes. The priest, having long made it a custom to ratify all private arrangements over the bottle, had acquired a sagacity in his intoxication well known to some experienced tipplers: he sel-

dom forgot what passed, even amid the deepest potations; and was never known to betray a secret confided to him, drunk or sober,—that is to say, unwittingly. The Padré sold his secrets, like many other confidants; but then he knew perfectly well what he was about. He was an old acquaintance of Nicolao's, who, as we have before mentioned, had his ancient friend somewhat in his power; the servitor thus imagined that he might trust him with more confidence than any other speculator in secret marriages: but this was a grievous mistake; the first act of the Padré's reason, on waking from his long sleep, was to deliberate on the best means of effecting a solemnization of the midnight ceremonial without endangering his own precious person. The result of this cogitation mounted him on his mule shortly after he had broken his fast, and with sober pace he proceeded towards the glen of the Arabida.

When the Padré had ascended a steep and lengthened acclivity leading to the romantic spot he was seeking, he paused to rest the pam-

pered beast he bestrode, which was as well fed and almost as unwieldy as its master. Little heeded the priest the extraordinary view that presented itself, his heart being cast in too sensual a mould to care aught for scenic beauty; but, trusting this may not be the case with our readers, we would fain describe the prospect before him. From the height where *Padré Chavès* now was, the descent into the sylvan solitude seemed unmarked by human trace, as though Nature had there made a covenant with herself that man should not break in upon the solemnity of her sacred mysteries. The hill he had ascended bore only the scanty vegetation of a few stunted shrubs, for the soil was exposed to the blast after it had swept the scorching plains of Africa; but in that deep glen waved the tasselled larch, the umbrageous cork-tree: there stood the stately chesnut with its clustering fruit, and the giant oak, beneath which the dwarf fir looked up as if demanding a return of that shelter its progenitors granted to the sapling ere it became a mighty tree. Green was the turf in many a

secluded nook, where the spreading branches, embrowned by the sun, yet protected the embowered glade from the noontide heat: here did the fair bloom of the olive fall, and the dark-leaved pomegranate shed its scarlet flowers. Half hidden by foliage, craggy rocks broke the woodland into dells and deep ravines as it approached the river. Now reared its slender shaft the mountain pine,—that living column of Nature's architecture; and, threadlike in the distance, from impervious thickets rose the tall blossom of the graceful aloe: while far away the Sado pursued its rapid course towards the neighbouring harbour, the sea-birds wheeling and darting over its waters, with shrill cries welcoming the mountain stream to their ocean home. The town of St. Ubes — its white buildings shining in the light of the radiant sun—might be seen six miles to the northward, where could easily be distinguished the turrets and spires of its extensive monastery; and it is to be feared, if the *Padré* troubled himself to contemplate any part of the view before him, he overlooked all save this



goodly edifice, for many a drone of that vast hive had been a boon companion of the social priest. The laxity of morals in the monastic establishments of Portugal was, in the sixteenth century, too gross to be denied, even by the heads of their church. Some fifty years before the reign of Sebastian, of whose times we treat, Dom Duarte, his great-uncle and a prince of Portugal, had, by the connivance of a debauched priesthood and the willing aid of a frail sisterhood, formed a nunnery into a complete seraglio, where many daughters of the first families in Lusitania, under the pretence of taking the veil, became his concubines.

Padré Chavès having sufficiently rested his mule, we will descend with him into the glen of the Arabida, which contained habitations, though they could only be discovered by threading the mazes of the woodland. It was here the chapel and monastery of the Miracle had been founded in the twelfth century, near a cave where the Virgin was said to have wept till her tears so wrought on the whole host of heaven, that with their blessed aid the Portu-



guese won three consecutive victories over the Moors; and it was to the establishment erected in memory of this miraculous interposition, which in the reign of Sebastian was among the most richly endowed in Portugal, that the Padré then wended his course. With difficulty the mule made its way through the devious path, frequently intercepted by outstretching arms of trees, which had, in their mighty growth, almost shut in the religious buildings. The chapel at length became discernible; it was of simple structure and moderate dimensions, reared of white stone, and completely embowered in the wood. Creepers and geraniums clung to walls by boughs overshadowed, and it seemed as though Nature were insidiously and silently re-asserting her claim to the glen of the Arabida; for soon would the giant branches, if not felled by the woodman's axe, close over the temple wrought of hands, leaving no altar there but rock piled upon rock; while the forest voices of a thousand trees, waving to the wind their rustling foliage, now scattering blossom, now the falling leaf, would in that deep

gloom sing an eternal vesper to Nature's God. The monastery, but a few yards distant from the chapel, though not large, was sufficiently commodious for the few brethren who were attached to the service of the altar of Our Lady of the Miracle. It was now nearly noon-day, and the monks must have been taking their siesta, for not a soul was stirring about the building. *Padré Chavès* did not attempt to communicate with the holy brotherhood; he turned his mule into a shed that was open in the court-yard, and, gathering his robe around him, struck deep into the wood in the direction of the river. After proceeding a few hundred yards among the trees, and then winding amid rocks clothed with every variety of foliage, he paused in a little ravine, so hidden from view, and difficult of access, that few but those who knew the locality would discover it.

Here was situated a small hermitage formed out of a natural recess among the crags, and sufficiently elevated from the bed of a rivulet, now coursing its quiet way along, to protect this humble abode from the influence of

the stream when swollen by the winter rains. At the rudely-fashioned door of this woodland cell, beneath the shade of a goodly cork-tree, was seated an aged monk, whose grey hair seemed indeed a crown of glory as, clustering round the temples, it fell in graceful curls till it mingled with his majestic beard. He rose at the *Padré's* approach, and, putting down a heavy tome that he had been perusing, drew the hood of his dark habit over features of a character which painters depict as belonging to the ancient patriarchs; save that there was in the eye of the recluse a dimness which spake not of vigorous age, but rather of the light of life fast waning, as though the watch-fire of the soul shone inwardly, leaving but that cold leaden gaze to commune with the outer world. Bending his stately form with an air of dignity, he motioned the portly *Padré* to be seated; a courtesy which, panting with the unwonted exertions of the morning, he willingly accepted; reposing himself on the bench beneath the tree, though it was merely assigned to him by a wave of the hand.

“It is long since I have seen you, brother,” commenced the hermit, as, seating himself by his visitor, he so disposed his cowl, that, while able to watch each turn of the *Padré*’s countenance, his own was nearly concealed. “There was a promise between us that the movements of Dom Abrantes were to have been diligently regarded by you, and faithfully reported. Does he yet hover around the Quinta Montoyo, over the inmates of which most changed establishment thou hast the spiritual charge?”

“Reverend brother,” replied the *Padré* with much apparent submission, “I confess that the charge you speak of might have been better fulfilled during the life of my predecessor; but then the good Dom Louis was in existence : at present, I believe my services are more acceptable to the proud head of that house than those of a more severe churchman would be.”

“It is a question which I care not now to bruit,” rejoined the recluse : “rather tell me of Dom Abrantes ; does he yet pay constant visits to the Marquis, your patron ? and what

report does the Duenna make as to his bearing towards the Donna Beatrice?"

"My inquiries on those subjects, holy brother, have produced but little intelligence with which you are not already acquainted," answered the Padré. "The visits of the Fidalgo are as constant as ever, and apparently conducted with much secrecy, for I have never been allowed to get sight of him. His manner towards the Donna I understand continues so distantly constrained, that the Senhora Juana assures me, could she believe it possible for a Christian cavaliero of such noble deportment to admire a Moorish girl, she should conceive the Senhora Zuma, rather than her patroness, the object of his attentions: but the intercourse between Abrantes and the Senhoras is altogether reserved, and warrants not a supposition that his visits to the Quinta have connexion with its fair inmates; thus the intelligent Duenna is inclined to suppose political intrigue has deeply involved the Marquis with the Fidalgo. To this cause she would assign their constant companionship; yet she sus-

pects that a union between the mysterious stranger and his sister would receive Dom Christovao's decided concurrence: his anxious assiduity in bringing the two parties frequently together testifies this;—a solicitude which my friend the Duenna informs me is evidently the cause of considerable disquietude to the Senhor Abrantes."

"There is little new matter in thy report, Padre Chavès," said the recluse, rising from his seat as if he would willingly shorten the visit. "Thou hast not earned the gold I gave thee last; and wilt never gain more, if thou dost not bestir thyself. I tell thee, it is necessary that the connexion between this Abrantes and the family of Montoyo should be known to me. Surely thy worldly sagacity can afford means to pierce this mystery.—If not, thou hadst better forget thy way to my hermitage."

"It is in the hope of aiding thy inquiries respecting this Senhor Abrantes that I am now here," deferentially responded the subtle Padre, who had a suspicion that Nicolao was sent im-



mediately from his master ; or, at all events, was resolved to set the matter in this light, and thus persuade the recluse to take his place at the altar of the Miracle, together with all its responsibilities. He therefore boldly affirmed that he had little doubt the Senhor meditated a secret marriage ; and without going into detail of the last evening's communication, even forgetting to mention the gold which had been entrusted to him, he concluded by proposing that the hermit should perform the required ceremony ; pretending great compunction in thus breaking his engagement to the agent of the Fidalgo, which he declared nothing but the respect he had for his reverend brother could have induced him to contemplate.

A calm assent to this arrangement, conveyed in the simple expression " Let it be so ; I will take this charge upon myself, nor will I betray thee," was the only acknowledgment *Padré Chavès* received for his accommodating offer.

A refection of bread and grapes was silently spread before him by his host, with the unusual

accompaniment to any repast of the *Padré's* — a cup of water, which he thought himself obliged to drain. Grateful as such a draught would have been to most Portuguese, for they are, nationally speaking, great water-drinkers, and this was cold from the shaded streamlet, it did not agree with the regimen adopted by the jovial priest: so, not tempted to sit over his tippie, he once more sought his mule, and, avoiding as much as possible all greetings with the brotherhood who crossed his path, *Padré Chavès* rode on his way rejoicing that he had secured his bag of gold, and got rid of any danger or scandal that might arise from the secret marriage. He was fully assured that the recluse would sacredly keep his promise in performing the required service; and thus he hugged himself on his good fortune, which he ascribed to the peculiar sagacity he had displayed in the matter.

Three hours after vespers the solitary lamp, ever suspended before the high altar in the chapel of Our Lady of the Miracle, was shedding its feeble ray over the columns of silver and



lapis lazuli which in those days decorated that costly shrine, when a Fidalgo supporting a veiled female, apparently otherwise unattended, entered the sacred edifice; and here they were solemnly united by the recluse, who was in waiting. From *Padré Chavès* he had made himself acquainted with all that was required of him, and he took great pains to conceal his person in the stately robes of the priesthood: but, himself unknown, easily he penetrated the disguise of those who stood before him. The nuptial benediction was pronounced, and the newly wedded disappeared in the gloom of the surrounding woods; but the holy father who solemnized those rites knelt long at the altar which had witnessed them, nor was it till the first beams of the rising sun gleamed through the forest shade of the *Arabida* that the hermit returned to his lowly dwelling.

## CHAPTER IV.

## LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

“HIST, Zuma, hist ! Father of Heaven ! does the girl sleep,—or is she indeed playing me false ?” impatiently exclaimed a stranger, wrapt in a mantillo that completely concealed his person : but the voice was Montoyo’s ; a voice that, sleeping or waking, was ever present to Zuma’s ear. The Moorish girl slept not : when the worm is in the bud, the leaves fold not as they were wont in the repose of beauty. Christovao was beneath the window of Zuma’s chamber, which, looking on the shrubbery, allowed the approach of a midnight visitor without observation : a short corridor connected it with the Donna Beatrice’s apartment, but the trees completely hid the low turrets from each other in which were the sleeping-rooms of the two friends.

It is in vain to scan the records of human nature, expecting that each page will be spotless. We must write of the betrayer and the betrayed, for such was the affinity between the Marquis de Montoyo and the Moorish girl. Ere Zuma was introduced to our readers, Christovao had forgotten the protector in the seducer. A libertine as to all moral restraint, he had watched the growing beauties of the lovely Moor with the eye of a voluptuary: from a child he had taught her to love him till her love became worship. Had she been of Christian blood, even though ignoble as compared with the proud tide that swelled in the veins of a Montoyo, he might have wedded her; but she was only worthy of being a victim, and she fell. Yet Christovao was mentally as well as passionately attached to Zuma: the fond girl had acquired so deep an interest in his heart, that, when he swore to her he would never lead another to the altar,—rather would he allow the name of his fathers to become extinct, — he was sincere in the pledge he gave.

Cautious were his visits to Zuma's apart-

ment: a light in the lattice told him when they were secure from intrusion; for the Senhora Saltero's chamber opening in the centre of the corridor rendered extreme caution necessary, though the old lady was more of a sleeper than a watcher of the night. Content with lecturing her charges all day, and little dreaming that the head of the house of Montoyo could be attached to a plebeian Moor, she slumbered on with a perseverance testifying her often repeated opinion, when urged to admit of later hours than usual in the establishment, that "night was made for sleep."

Christovao was admitted a few minutes after making his first signal beneath the window,—minutes his impatience had made him think many; but it was with no lover's smile of blissful expectation the Marquis greeted the Moorish girl, as, aided in his ascent by a sash she suspended from the lattice, he sprung into the room and stood before her, his lip quivering with rage, his eyes distended, and his hands clenched in the frenzy of extreme excitement.

"Tell me, Zuma! Tell me, as thou fearest

my vengeance!—may I yet say, as thou valuest my love, for I know not but thou art false!”—and he gazed sternly around the apartment: “Abrantes has been here; I swear I saw him leave the door of the corridor.”

Zuma, who had at first stood appalled at the rejection of her welcoming embrace, and the violence of Christovao, now trembled so helplessly that she must have fallen, had she not tottered to a couch. Her cheeks became colourless, and the bright ruby of her lip changed to the livery of death!

“Speak, Zuma, speak!” muttered Montoyo in the deep tones of intense passion.

The Moorish girl was still silent.

“I know thou art false! Traitress, this—this be thy reward!” and the infuriated man, drawing a stiletto from his bosom, would have plunged it into his hapless victim, but she had fallen to the ground in a swoon. At the same instant the door of the apartment opened, and the astonished Duenna stood before her patron.

“Holy saints of Heaven!” ejaculated the Senhora Saltero, so completely astounded that

she seemed likely to follow the example of the poor girl, who, had she not made her appearance, would have exchanged apparent for actual death. The Marquis, however, did not allow the old lady time to faint : roughly seizing her by the hand, he drew her towards Zuma, and bitterly exclaiming, “ There — look to your precious charge ! ” rushed through the doorway, leaving the Quinta by the same entrance whence he imagined he had just before beheld the retreat of a rival in the person of Abrantes. In a few moments more he was striding through the shrubbery, cursing the faithlessness of woman, and crushing the shrubs and saplings beneath his feet, as if their destruction afforded relief to his agonized spirit.

The unhappy Zuma suffered much, on awaking to consciousness, from the merciless inquisition of the Duenna. But appeals for pity, tears, and convulsive sobs were at first the only return made to the Senhora Juana’s interrogations ; all tending to the same point, though put in every form long-practised ingenuity could devise.

“ Zuma, will you answer me before I draw my own conclusions from the extraordinary scene I have just now witnessed? Mother of heaven!—that such a thing should have happened to any one receiving the sanction of my protection, — not that it could have occurred to Christian blood! — and the Donna Beatrice will now be convinced of the impropriety of such friendship. Answer me, I say! how came Dom Christovao into this apartment, which should have been the very sanctuary of female purity?”

“ Mercy! mercy!—ask me not, if you would not have me die!” sobbed Zuma, as she hid her face in the cushions of the couch, which were stained with her tears.

“ But I *will* ask you, girl!—I *will* ask you, Moor as you are in feelings, as well as blood, in spite of all I have done to take the mark of reprobate out of you! — Though why Dom Christovao came here your guilty bearing shows, 'tis fit that you should have the shame of confessing how fallen you are. Tell me all about it, I say! — and why did the Marquis



dart out of the room with that bitter laugh when he bade me look to my precious pupil? Why did he cast you off, if you have been to him all I fear?"

The Duenna was leaning over the couch while pouring this continued questioning into the ear of the wretched girl, as if she hoped by the torture of her shrill voice to bring forth a reply. She had at length touched a chord which promised to disclose the secret she wished to penetrate: Zuma raised her head, looked wildly round, and, dashing aside the raven hair that hung over her face, exclaimed,

"Cast me off! — cast me off! — oh! say not so, and I will tell you all: — only say he did not cast me off!" and the poor girl wrung the hand of the Duenna, looking so piteously and appealingly into the sharp visage of her inquisitor, that even Senhora Juana seemed softened, and something very like a tear came into her bead-like eyes. Such a weakness lasted but for a moment; the Duenna again got the mastery over the woman.

"Touch me not! — touch me not! Blessed



Virgin ! — that a girl I have advised and instructed hours together, and taught embroidery and other female accomplishments, should so have fallen ! It is all plain enough ; and I only hope, for your sake, he has cast you off : and then we may get you quietly into a nunnery, and by fasting and by vigil, — ay, and wholesome stripes, too, — something may yet be done for you. But I fear it was only one of Dom Christovao's rages, and will soon be over."

" Bless you ! bless you !" cried the Moorish girl, kissing and wetting with her tears the shrunken hands of the Duenna, which she again took, despite the resistance of their immaculate owner, who speedily extricated them from what she could not but consider contamination.

" Don't bless or thank me for such unholy purpose ! Go to a nunnery, for here you cannot stay : — the saints of heaven forbid ! I would not that Donna Beatrice should even *dream* of your frailty. You must disappear — be thought dead — really die ; anything, anything, if I can only get the Dom Christovao's

sanction. Oh, Virgin-mother of heaven ! what is to become of this unhappy establishment ?” and the Duenna paced the apartment perfectly at her wit’s end.

“ Senhora,” said Zuma, approaching the old lady, “ I will not cause misery,—I will quit this place before daylight. Oh ! that I might fly to my brother ! — but he is far away ; and then, would he receive me now ? Yet I will go ; I will not contaminate by my presence the Quinta de Montoyo.”

The Moorish girl smiled bitterly as she abruptly concluded, and busied herself in slight preparations for her departure. Readily was she assisted by the Duenna, who asked but few questions as to her place of refuge. To find that she consented to leave the Quinta at once, was too satisfactory an arrangement to be trifled with by any thought of protection for the houseless wanderer. It would wrap the whole affair in mystery. The Senhora Zuma would have disappeared ; the Donna Beatrice would learn this, and no more. She might weep for the unaccountable loss of her friend ; but she

would not know her unworthiness, and discover that Dom Christovao, her own brother, had wrought this ruin. Thus communing with herself, the Duenna saw Zuma to the portals beneath the corridor.

“The holy, pure, and blessed Virgin-mother of heaven, bring her to a sense of her own shame, and make her a Magdalen, and keep her from entering these doors again, that no more mischief may come to this honourable house, and to the head of the noble name of Montoyo. Dom Christovao must have been worked upon by some unholy spell, or he never could have loved this Moorish girl,” muttered the Senhora, hastily re-entering her room to tell her beads till she went to sleep,—her usual though unconscious method of inviting repose.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE DISCOVERY.

THE hapless Zuma, cast forth so recklessly by the cold-hearted Duenna, had not far to seek a place of refuge; though, when the portals of the Quinta closed on her, she knew not where to lay her head. Could she have fled to her brother, it must have been to tell him the tale of her dishonour, and consequently expose the Marquis to his vengeance: but, though likely to avenge her, he was not in a position to afford her protection; and the forlorn girl felt that she would rather perish than endanger the life of her betrayer. The fortunes of their captivity had apportioned the Moorish children to different masters: Zuma, as we have before said, became adopted into the Montoyo family, the early playmate, and,

ultimately, chosen friend of the daughter of that noble house ; Zadig, before he attained the age of twenty years, had, by the death of his protectors, met with several changes. When his sister would gladly have looked to him for aid, though no longer a bondsman, he was the only attendant of the poet Camoens,—that celebrated bard on his return from India having received the Moorish boy from a relative of his original captor. Zuma knew that her brother was only a few miles the other side of Lisbon, he being in attendance on his patron, who was then residing at Cintra ; but she dared not, for the reasons we have stated, look to him for succour. Friends she had none, out of the pale of the Montoyo family, except the Senhor Abrantes ; and when her thoughts recurred to this Fidalgo, whose mysterious departure from the corridor had wrought her so much evil, the proud girl's lip curled with disdain as she trod with a firm step on her solitary way. Murmuring to herself, “ I am not more unworthy the shelter of those walls than one the cruel Duenna little suspects,”

she crossed the boundary which divided the shrubbery of the Quinta from the public road. Here it was necessary that the fugitive should determine the course she would pursue. It seemed impossible for her to reach Lisbon without a conveyance, — and what had she to do with Lisbon? Her purse was but scantily supplied with a few gold pieces, and she was too ignorant in the ways of the world to make her first essay at self-protection in that city. Again, — was she for ever to cut off all communication with Montoyo, the being for whom she had sacrificed so much? Had she not better remain in the immediate neighbourhood of the Quinta, and inform him of her abode?

“But, oh! this will be worse than useless!” exclaimed the bewildered girl, as the last idea occurred to her: “he believes I am false; he may slay me, for I cannot, must not, justify myself; but he will never love me more!” and Zuma, sitting down by the road-side, drew her mantilla over her face and wept bitterly.

Morning dawned, and the Moorish girl was still close to the grounds of the Quinta, when

she was aroused to consciousness of the exposure that must immediately await her remaining in the public road by the approach of a grape-guarder. She arose, and shunning the observation of this peasant, at once resolved to seek a temporary asylum in the hut of an old retainer of the Montoyos, about a mile distant; whose humble abode she reached just as its owner, Jacinta, had commenced the morning task of milking her goats,—a small flock of these useful animals being her chief means of support. It was here the Marquis and Zuma had often met, and the old woman was in some degree the confidante of their amour. The Moorish girl checked a torrent of questions by begging for present shelter, and paying for secrecy as to her presence in the cottage. Zuma did not even make a reservation in favour of the Marquis de Montoyo, for she would not confess to her once proud heart how anxiously she looked forward to a reconciliation with the betrayer who had so readily abandoned her.

Taking possession of an inner apartment,



she seated herself by a window from whence was visible the road leading to the Quinta, and the poor girl's bosom throbbed high with expectation at the approach of every wayfarer ; for, after all her wavering resolves, she had at last placed herself in the very locality where she was most likely to be sought for by her heart's liege lord. The bustling Jacinta vainly pressed on Zuma's acceptance the humble fare of her cottage. The rich goat's milk, the cake of maize, and the highly piled basket of grapes, which she placed before the sorrowing girl, were untasted. Incessant had been the old peasant's visits to her guest, perhaps as much in hope of discovering the secret of her distress as from hospitable motives, till Zuma requested that she might remain undisturbed : — wearied with her fruitless office of gazing on the road, she yielded to the influence of the approaching noontide heat, and, resting her head on her folded arms, which found support on the rough-boarded table of the apartment, for a while forgot her sorrows in sleep.

When Zuma awoke, the sun had an hour pass-



ed its meridian ; and chiding herself for having been so careless a watcher, though feeling some comfort in the thought that the Marquis was not likely to have ridden abroad at noon-day, she hastily sought the outer apartment, where the industrious Jacinta was quietly seated at her spinning-wheel.

“ Has the Marquis passed ? ” hurriedly exclaimed the anxious girl.

“ Yes, Senhora, but a few minutes ago ; he has but now gained yonder hill on his way to Lisboa.”

“ And you did not wake me, cruel Jacinta ! ” reproachfully said the Moorish girl as she ran to the door, and, throwing it open, gazed with tearful eye on the retreating form of her lover.

“ The Saints have mercy on us ! — you told me not to disturb you ! ” expostulated the goat-herd. “ Did you not desire me to keep your being here a secret ? and was I not trembling to tell the Marquis a falsehood, when I answered his ‘ Any news, good mother ? ’ by saying, ‘ Nothing, but two goats have kidded,

please your excellency ?' Oh ! had he known the pretty kid that was sheltered in the old goat-woman's hut !"

Jacinta was interrupted in a long harangue by a scream of joy from the delighted Zuma, who, clasping her hands, exclaimed, " He has turned !—he looks towards the cottage !—he sees me !—he sees me ! — he is coming !" —and here her voice sank into a whisper, as, turning from the door, the bright smile fled from her face. She threw herself into a chair, and, bursting into tears, murmured, " No, no ! it is useless ! I never, never will betray her !"

The Marquis, after a morning spent in endeavouring to intimidate the Duenna into revealing what had become of Zuma, whose disappearance she had coldly and formally announced, naturally came to the conclusion that she had fled to the protection of Abrantes; and to justify his jealous suspicion, as well as the harsh conduct it had given rise to, he determined on gravely charging his friend with having seduced the Moorish girl from his guardianship. With such intention he had set

out for Lisbon, without even waiting for the mid-day heat to subside; a most unusual disregard of a salutary custom common to the inhabitants of warm climates. Not wishing to hasten rumours which would too soon become rife, respecting Zuma's sudden departure, Christovao had abstained from particularly questioning Jacinta as he passed the hut; calculating that his usual address of "What news, good mother?" would suffice to elicit all the goatherd knew of the fugitive. On reaching the acclivity before mentioned, he had turned to look on the scene of past happiness,—yes! such was that cottage to the Marquis. There had ended many of his secret meetings with the Moorish girl, for in the broken ground where Jacinta's goats browsed was a dell well known to the lovers. On beholding her he sought, standing at the door of the hut, anxiously looking towards him, the blood rushed to the dark brow of Dom Christovao with a sudden revulsion from a heart which yet throbbed with the deepest passion. "It is Zuma!" cried he with joyful surprise, as if for

the moment dismissing the demons of distrust and jealousy which had attended him ; and the trembling girl had scarcely time to request the absence of the goatherd from their painful interview, when Christovao stood before her.

“ May I imagine you again wish to see me, that you continue in this neighbourhood after your extraordinary departure from the Quinta ? Tell me, Zuma, — speak to me ! — explain all this mystery about Abrantes !—tell me that you are innocent, and gladly will I believe you.”

To this address Zuma scarcely dared reply, for hers was a secret that might wound the fame of one dear as a sister, nor could it give rest to the perturbed spirit that called on her to answer. She threw herself into her lover’s arms ; they supported, but seemed unwilling to close over her.

“ Believe me innocent, take me to your heart again ; but do not ask me of Abrantes,— I cannot, I will not, and dare not tell you !”

“ Go then, false girl !” furiously exclaimed the Marquis, as he dashed the wretched Zuma to the earth, and turned to leave the cottage :

she clung to his feet ; he attempted to disengage himself from her, but she would not quit her hold. Montoyo's hand sought his jewelled stiletto ; he looked on the prostrate girl, — she had quickly perceived the movement which betokened death : wild was the glance that met his eye, but it spoke not of fear ; there was a smile on her face as she awaited the blow.

“ Yes, Christovao, slay me ; but do not abandon me ! ”

“ Live then, base girl, if life has greater torments ; ” and the Marquis strode forward to loose his horse's reins, which were made fast to the door-post, but again he was arrested by the frantic girl. She sprang from the ground where her lover had left her, and, rushing towards him, she exclaimed, “ Call me not base, unless it is base to love you.—Christovao—Christovao ! ”

Vain was the appeal ; the Marquis attempted to throw himself into his saddle.

“ Beatrice, Beatrice is the beloved of Abrantes ! ”

Thus in the extremity of her anguish spoke Zuma. Had Christovao heard? — he seemed rooted to the earth, the reins of his horse dropped from his hand; the weeping girl hung on his arm, but he regarded her not: it was the hushed moment before the storm burst. In the words of Zuma there was indeed justification. The mystery was explained, but the heart that should have once again opened to receive the object of its affection was occupied by sterner guests. Ambition, pride, the master spirits of the Marquis de Montoyo's soul, had shut out all gentler feeling. Arousing himself from this momentary lethargy, again was the hapless victim of his wayward passions a witness to the outpourings of his wrath; but its violence had turned from Zuma.

The Moorish girl had little to disclose save the fact that Abrantes had the night before entered the opposite chamber of the corridor; and this was wrung from her, for already she repented having betrayed the secret of her friend, though it had been discovered by her, rather than intrusted to her keeping. Beatrice had



confessed to Zuma her affection for Abrantes ; but, of all beside, her once chosen confidante was unconscious. She knew not even that it was requited. The wound which Zuma's supposed infidelity had inflicted on Christovao's self-esteem was healed ; and the intense love which he really bore her, if we can thus call a feeling which had wrought so much evil in its gratification, induced the imperious Portuguese once more to assure the Moorish girl of his affection. But heavy was the price poor Zuma felt she had paid for the return of his love. She had betrayed Beatrice to a brother jealous of her honour, and, in common with his countrymen of high descent, capable of punishing even with death a departure from the strictest decorum on the part of a female relative. Yet, in the midst of these self-reproaches, she had an assurance which had escaped Christovao in the paroxysm of his rage, — the Donna was not without a powerful protector ; Abrantes, the mysterious lover of Beatrice de Montoyo, was Sebastian King of Portugal.

## CHAPTER VI.

## POLITICS.

SEBASTIAN, King of Portugal, inherited the throne of his grandfather, John the Third, when only three years old. During his minority, Dom Louis, Marquis de Montoyo, the father of Dom Christovao, had been selected as his tutor by the Queen Catherine, grandmother of the young King. Montoyo had been a warrior in his youth, faithfully and gallantly serving his country; a politician of riper years, entrusted with many difficult embassies by King John; and at length the tutor of Sebastian, devoting himself to the advancement of his pupil in every virtue that could adorn a crown. His experience of courts had taught the Marquis that a monarch, to resist the demoralizing influence of his position, had



need be steeled to the blandishments of vice in its most seductive forms, with a moral and religious panoply of sterner stuff than may suffice men of less exalted station. A desire to excel in warlike exercises, a chivalrous love of glory, a high sense of honour, together with a devoted zeal for the interests of the Catholic Church, were thus early implanted in the mind of Sebastian by the unremitting care of his tutor. When the machinations of that arch and unprincipled politician, Louis Gon-salves da Camera, succeeded in removing Montoyo from the court, the young King's heart possessed the germs of many virtues, which, had they been tended in their developement by the judicious hand that had implanted them, might have prevented the redundant growth of qualities, good under rational control, but in their excess evil. Sebastian now fell into the hands of a host of courtly parasites, who succeeded in drawing a rank harvest of many faults and indiscretions from the goodly seed which it had been Montoyo's pride to instil. So affected was this ancient

preceptor by the unlooked-for result of his anxious solicitude, that, after making a pilgrimage to Rome, he withdrew himself entirely from the world, in the seclusion of an Augustine monastery near Oporto. Here he devoted himself to the severest religious exercises, nor even permitted the visits of his son and daughter, lest they should break in on his holy contemplations, till the announcement of his death in the odour of sanctity summoned them to attend his obsequies.

His royal pupil had in the mean time perverted much of the intrinsically good which had remained to him of Montoyo's preceptorship into actual evil. The taste Sebastian had acquired for the manly sports of the field, under the guidance of Dom Louis, had degenerated into a passionate predilection, which threatened at one time to have reduced the King of Portugal to a level with the commonest "matador" of his kingdom. To hunt the wildest boar he could rouse among the rocks and fastnesses of *Tras os Montes*, to tame the most intractable horse, did not now content him: his pride was

to enter the arena at the "Festas dos Touros" against the maddened bull; and, after repeated charges as "cavaliero," with his own hand to give the tortured animal the *coup de grace*. Such was the employment rather than the amusement of the King, until he attained his twentieth year. The Queen Catherine, his grandmother, who, with his uncle, Dom Henry, the cardinal, had held the regency during his minority, bitterly lamented the developement of such degenerate tastes in the monarch of Portugal. This noble, intelligent woman had not only been the fond guardian of his infancy in default of a mother's care, but the faithful counsellor of Sebastian's manhood against the insidious influence of the Da Camaras, to which he had been exposed by the inert and selfish conduct of the cardinal, a prince, if not too imbecile, certainly too indolent for affairs of state. Catherine would now have counselled him to beware of man's most dangerous enemy, even his own inclination. In vain she reproached her grandson, that he loved better to live like a wild hunter of the Brazils than a civilized

European monarch: her just remonstrances, though received with gentleness by the young King, and answered by promises of amendment, were forgotten the earliest moment a bull-fight or the chase held forth its seductions. Catherine even requested Philip of Spain to use his influence with his nephew; and penned a letter, in which were set forth the risks Sebastian daily ran in the pursuit of his desperate pastimes. This called forth a strong admonition from his royal uncle, though unhappily attended with as little effect as the queen's own solicitations.

Yet Sebastian possessed a heart which beat with every generous sympathy when its dictates were not silenced by any of his violent predilections. Presuming on the enormous revenue he yielded to the treasury of Rome, which was said to be fifty thousand golden ducats annually, he had begged exemption from the edict of Pope Pius the Fifth against bull-fighting; and the Holy Father, to gratify him, permitted this cruel diversion to remain a royal sport in Portugal, to be sanctioned by the pre-

sence of a crowned head. The King was thus enabled to become the presiding spirit at every bull-fight in his dominions. Yet this monarch was gentle to his dependants; patient under reproof, when coming either from his relatives or the Fathers of the church; merciful and forgiving to those who had offended him; and, though unable to curb his inclinations, ready to confess his errors. The sovereign, as we shall soon have occasion to show, who racked the resources of his country and people to the utmost extremity in the obstinate prosecution of a chimerical expedition, was generous to his followers, and charitable to the poor with a lavish hand, which had often exhausted his treasury, though he was reputed the richest monarch of his times in Europe. In June 1569, when the plague ravaged Lisbon, he expended upwards of six hundred crusados novas per diem in donations to the sick from the privy purse; and, as the awful calamity spread among the provinces, so did Sebastian's charity follow its progress. When the pestilence ceased in the October of the same year,

eighty thousand sufferers having died by its influence, he caused seven sail of large vessels to be prepared at his sole expense for those widows and orphans who wished to emigrate to the Brazils, directing the governor of that colony to provide for his *protégés* till they were either married or out of the reach of want. In 1574, the harvest having failed in Tras os Montes and the province of Minho, he caused five hundred quarters of wheat and twelve thousand crusados to be distributed from his private resources on the occasion, while his less public charities were without limit; and there was no one who had fallen from affluence to poverty but was certain of his assistance and protection.

We find ourselves becoming prolix; but it may be as well that Sebastian should take credit for all his virtues, ere his errors and imprudence are made more fully apparent. In as few words as possible we will now bring the reader to the particular epoch of the young King's reign, to which our story bears immediate reference. When scarcely twenty years



old, Sebastian, weary of the inglorious war he had so long waged against the wild beasts of the chase and the bulls of the arena, suddenly determined on an expedition to Barbary for the purpose of striking terror into the Moors, who, the natural foes of the European peninsula, and, as well, the enemies of the Cross, were thus doubly held in abhorrence by that chivalrous monarch and faithful son of the church.

Sebastian generally acting on the impulse of the moment, little preparation was made for this exploit; yet the sanguine prince confidently expected ere long to return crowned with the laurels of a conqueror, amid the waving palms of welcome which would be justly due to the slayer of infidels for the honour of the holy Catholic religion. The expedition consisted only of three galleys, and sailed from Cascaes, a port below Lisbon, on the 17th of August 1574, for Ceuta, then held by a strong Portuguese garrison: after remaining here for several weeks, the King obtained a small reinforcement from the fortress, and proceeded to Tangiers, another possession of

Lusitania on the Barbary coast. From the lines of this town he recklessly sallied out at the head of one thousand cavalry, to attack a body of five thousand Moorish horse and three thousand infantry. After some faint resistance the Mahommedans retired before him, evidently to those of his officers experienced in African warfare, for the purpose of drawing their impetuous leader into the country; a design which certainly would have succeeded, had they not persuaded the reluctant prince to turn back while the plain in his rear was yet open to him. He was shortly after assailed from the pulpit by Doctor Antonio Pinheiro, one of his chaplains, on the imprudence of this expedition; and Sebastian, ever submissive under the reproofs of the church, again set sail for Portugal. Weathering a tremendous tempest, he arrived at Lisbon, after an absence of nearly four months from that capital, convinced certainly of the insufficiency of his late armament, but the more determined to strain every energy of his kingdom whenever a concurrence of favourable circumstances might open to him



the path of conquest and glory in Africa. Sebastian had to wait four long years for this opportunity; but he then seized it with an avidity which showed that an ardent desire for military renown, combined with hatred to the infidel Moors, had strengthened with the advance of years: that which was once the daring impulse of the boy, had now become the darling passion of the man.

Muley Moloch, a Mocrish prince, having, by the aid of the Sublime Porte, dethroned his nephew, Muley Hamet, Emperor of Fez and Morocco,—the merits of which proceeding we shall show in the course of our narrative,—the fugitive monarch, taking refuge in the mountains of Claros, sent an ambassador to Sebastian, begging the assistance of an army to support his claims. That Muley Hamet should have looked for succour from the King of Portugal was but natural; as, independent of that monarch's known chivalrous disposition, the occupation by the Portuguese of several coast settlements in Barbary, occasioned those relations with the Moors which might be sup-

posed to interest Sebastian in the politics of Morocco: but that so decided and desperate a step should in consequence be taken by that rash monarch, as to plan an expedition into Africa, which, draining the resources of Portugal, threatened to set the fate of his country on the hazard of a single die, astonished the whole of Europe. Yet, without a second consideration, did Sebastian engage to support the pretensions of the dethroned Moorish prince.

The Queen Catherine was now dead; and the formal remonstrances against this African war, which he had to endure from his uncles Philip the Second of Spain and Dom Henry, were unheeded. The former, had his nephew been about to consummate his individual ruin only, would have gladly accelerated the act; but, hoping ere long to annex the throne of Lusitania to that of Castile, he desired not Portugal's African possessions perilled, or its treasury drained: of this, Sebastian was aware. The cardinal had become so lost in the grovelling sensuality of the table, that the energetic King considered his advice as the babbling of a dotard, from whom

the power of imagining good or evil had departed with his counsellors, Louis and Martin Gonsalves da Camera. These bold, bad men, —one a Jesuit, and the other, though of a different priestly order, worthy of belonging to the brotherhood of Loyola,—had completely led this weak prince during his joint regency with the Queen Catherine ; who, but for the solicitations of the Portuguese nobles, enforced by the spiritual commands of Pope Pius the Fourth, would certainly have abandoned her trust, in consequence of Dom Henry having committed the virtual sovereignty into the hands of such ministers. Continuing still chief counsellors of state, on the young monarch being declared to have attained his majority at the age of fourteen years, they threatened by their chicanery and exactions to involve the foreign policy of the nation, and incite the country to rebellion ; till they were at length exposed to the just indignation of Sebastian by the exertions of two Portuguese noblemen, Christovao de Favors and Louis da Sylva, who, from love to the monarch, had penetrated the intrigues of his

ministers. The discomfited priests were expelled the kingdom ; and the King called to his counsels Pedro de Alcacova, late secretary of state to his grandfather. The death of Queen Catherine, who was ever ready to advance the best interests of her grandson, the absence of Montoyo's honest advice, and, above all, Sebastian's distrust of his uncles, decided him on the dangerous expedient of abiding by his own inexperienced judgment.

In our happy land of freedom to all save monarchs and notorious vagabonds, (we link these together without meaning disrespect to *either*, since they alone find from the laws more restraint than protection,) a king may declare war with a foreign state, but he cannot command the necessary supplies, unless with the consent of his "faithful commons." Sebastian's rule was of a different complexion. Alcacova invented imposts and taxes, while the King's royal mandate was sufficient to put them into immediate execution. Pope Gregory the Thirteenth granted a bull of crusade, which was preached with immense effect among the

good Catholics of Portugal; the clergy were by the same holy authority laid under contribution; thus completing Sebastian's obligations to the See of Rome, which had commenced early in his nonage, when a solemn gift was bestowed on him by the then reigning Pontiff of an arrow drawn from the body of his namesake, St. Sebastian, after martyrdom.

Money—the sinews of war—obtained, it remained but to collect an army for the expedition. To effect this, a species of conscription, unrelenting in its character, drew the flower of Portuguese manhood to the ranks of Sebastian. Agents were sent into Italy, Germany, and Holland, to raise troops; while crowding round the banner of this crusade, which it was implicitly believed by the young, the ardent and inexperienced among the chivalry of the age, would effect the conquest and christianization of Barbary, came volunteers, scions of the first families in Europe. The nobility of Lusitania, with scarcely those exceptions which boyhood, age, or infirmity might be supposed to have occasioned, were

foremost in this noble and chivalrous band. Many of these, hereditary counsellors of state, had strongly advised their king against the expedition ; but, finding him determined on the invasion, they gallantly came forward to stand or fall with Sebastian on the shores of Africa. Spain was the last to afford a subsidy from her warriors, veterans in Moorish warfare, to support the cause of the cross.

Muley Moloch had made Philip an intercessor with Sebastian, hoping through his instrumentality to draw the King of Portugal from his league with Muley Hamet ; and historians declare, offering as the price of a breach of faith, ten miles of arable land round each of the Portuguese fortresses in Africa,—Ceuta, Tangiers, and Masagar. But Sebastian, having embarked in the cause of Muley Hamet, had too high a notion of honour to forsake the prince whose wrongs he had sworn to redress : Hamet had moreover enlisted every enthusiastic feeling of the young King's heart in the expedition, by a guarantee of all the northern African shores then held by the



Portuguese ; adding to these possessions a tract of country six leagues inland, with the towns and cities thereunto belonging, among which were some places of great importance. The Harife also made a solemn pledge that the faith of Jesus Christ should be preached in Barbary, and granted Sebastian full permission to crown himself Emperor of Morocco.

Philip had consented to negotiate with his nephew in behalf of Muley Moloch ; but, failing success in his intercession to prevent the expedition, he had not bound himself to refuse that support which, on account of his relationship to its originator, it was natural to suppose would be afforded by the “Most Catholic” monarch. Sebastian therefore was incessant in his applications for an auxiliary armament from his uncle, and was ultimately indebted to Spain for two thousand Castilians,—but a small portion of the assistance which the King of Portugal considered he had a right to expect.

Even Sebastian’s antipathy to marriage seemed to have yielded to his desire of effecting his present purpose. Catherine, when Queen Re-



gent, had proposed an alliance between her grandson and Marguerite of Valois; an arrangement which the prince, aided by his uncle Philip, had successfully opposed, so far as was in the power of a boy then little more than nine years of age: and on Pope Pius the Fifth subsequently renewing the negotiation, when Sebastian had attained manhood, hoping by this union so daring and zealous a prince might be induced to fight the battle of the Romish Church against the heretic Huguenots of France, Sebastian most undisguisedly showed his repugnance to marriage. Elizabeth of Austria, daughter of Maximilian the Second, had equally the mortification of being rejected by the King of Portugal, ere she married Charles the Ninth of France; and in either of these instances an alliance was offered to his acceptance as unexceptionable in point of political relation, as the princesses were in personal and mental charms. Sebastian had thus shown a decided distaste to matrimony, which scandal would willingly have ascribed to a libertine licence in his intercourse with the few "*dames*

*d'honneur*" in Queen Catherine's court ; but so cold had been his bearing towards these Donnas, that not even the whispering lies, which in all ages have marred reputations to make polite conversation, could sustain the supposition. Lower amours were then vaguely laid to his charge, but as faintly supported ; till the censorious, angry at the cautious deportment of Sebastian, which would not afford its proper quota to the Scan. Mag. of the court chronicle, agreed to pronounce their King too fond of the stern, cruel, and savage sports of the chase, and the wild excitement of war, to be capable of loving. Thus some of his contemporaries, not having succeeded in holding him up to posterity as a libertine, seemingly from very spite, have handed him down to us in history as one of those monsters occasionally discovered in society — a woman-hater.

While such were the rumours and opinions of the court *sub rosâ*, the priesthood, either in sincere belief of the moral virtues of Sebastian, or thinking it expedient to laud the reigning

monarch, without troubling themselves as to the truth of their assertions, occasioned the general voice of the people to be loud in praise of their King's more than priestly continence ; insinuating that he was under a voluntary vow of celibacy, until, by his successes against the infidels, the religion of the cross should be openly preached in the streets of Fez. This latter suggestion of the never-resting tongue of rumour received an unexpected sanction when, to the astonishment of Europe, a negotiation opened by Philip of Spain, offering the hand of his daughter to Sebastian, received this monarch's decided concurrence : his only stipulation, as agreeable to the wily uncle as to the nephew, being the postponement of the marriage till after his return to Portugal a conqueror over the Moors ; to effect which triumphant consummation of the expedition, the King of Spain was to assist Sebastian with both men and money.

We must now abruptly bring to a close our chapter on politics, and return to the house of Montoyo, showing how the intimacy of Sebas-

tian with the family of his ancient tutor led this hitherto heart-free monarch, while planning an invasion of a far different character, to suffer from the inroads of a power which through all ages of the world has been the conqueror of the warrior, and not unfrequently the beguiler of the sage.

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE ROYAL SUITOR.

ON the return of Dom Christovao from the obsequies of his father, a duty devolved on that young nobleman which his proud spirit but ill brooked. Dom Louis had left directions that his son should present to the King a packet containing proofs exculpatory of the charges which had cost that faithful preceptor the favour of his pupil, or rather the confidence of the Queen-mother : proofs which might be more readily believed by the monarch, as the Da Cameras, originators of these calumnies, had been expelled the court in disgrace ; and Catherine, who, in the sincerity of her own belief, had prejudiced her grandson against his preceptor, had ceased to exist. It was with sorry grace Christovao sought an audience of

the King, but the termination of that interview opened to the proud and ambitious Montoyo the gates of court patronage. Sebastian, convinced of the injustice which had been done to the father, hastened to make every atonement in his power to the son; and Christovao, at heart a courtier, soon made himself so necessary to the young monarch, that he obtained an insidious power over him, which promised not only to surpass, but to supersede the influence of every other favourite.

In the advancement of his ambitious schemes, accident seemed about to give the Marquis valuable assistance from a quarter whence it might have been the least expected. As the Montoyos had long been under the ban of the court, and the family had only lately removed from the neighbourhood of Oporto to the banks of the Tagus, all but the name of their king was a stranger to the inhabitants of the Quinta. Christovao, brooding in his pride over the career which his father's misfortunes closed to him, had remained in perfect seclusion; and the Duenna, who was in charge of the domestic

matters, felt too indignant at the wrongs heaped on so ancient and honourable a house, to allow of their servants and retainers holding communication with the palace.

It might be imagined, when the old connection between the Montoyos and the court was restored, the almost monastic seclusion of the family would have been immediately dissolved: but it agreed not with Christovao's views that Sebastian should consider him bound by any ties save those which devoted him to the service of his king; and the bearing of the young monarch when in female society, though polite, after the fashion of the day, did not warrant a belief that he took sufficient pleasure in the conversation of the gentler sex, to make the introduction of his sister an object of importance to the Marquis. But an unexpected vista suddenly opened, which the ambitious Montoyo hoped might lead to the proudest results. About six months before our tale commences, Christovao and the King lost their attendants in a prolonged chase, and were benighted, during a violent storm, near



the Quinta. On the Marquis offering the shelter and hospitality of his roof, his royal companion requested that he might be announced as an undistinguished guest; and, the name of Abrantes being the first that occurred to the monarch, it was by this designation he was introduced to Beatrice. Sebastian had never yet known that freedom of intercourse with woman which he on this occasion enjoyed. Warriors and wild sportsmen had been the companions of his toils and recreations; priests and schoolmen the associates of his hours of study. The court of his grandmother had been too much the arena of political intrigue, oppressing the Queen Catherine with its influence, to be gay; and Sebastian, taught by the severe morality of the elder Montoyo, shunned those sensual excesses which had long disgraced the *noblesse* of Portugal,—a moral leprosy yet clinging to the present court of Lusitania.

The storm continued to rage during the night which had brought Sebastian to the Quinta; but, early in the morning, the young King departed. A feeling, novel as it was

pleasing, had taken possession of his bosom. Again and again he visited the abode of Beatrice, but always in his assumed character, and accompanied by her brother; who, with much self-gratulation, conceived that his sovereign had become desperately enamoured of his sister. Impatient, and spurning restraint on his inclinations, as Christovao knew the King to be, it seemed not improbable that he would break off the negociation which had then commenced on the part of the Spanish court; and, rejecting an alliance with the powerful court of Spain, share his throne with Beatrice de Montoyo.

Months passed on, the expedition to Barbary was on the eve of departing; Sebastian had continued his visits incognito to the Quinta with the Marquis, but his conduct had become more and more incomprehensible to that nobleman. A visible restraint of manner arose between Beatrice and the young King, whose attentions were now so often directed towards Zuma, that Montoyo was prepared to believe an amour existed between the Moorish girl and

his royal master; thus becoming tortured not only with the pangs of jealousy, but with the threatened overthrow of his schemes for the aggrandizement of his family. The discovery which his influence over Zuma had elicited, relieved him from his jealous fears, but his proud spirit had received a wound incurable. From a feeling of pride, rather than affection, Christovao was deeply incensed at what he supposed the deliberate dishonour of his sister; the more especially when he considered, that had Beatrice become the wife instead of the mistress of the King of Portugal, his own position in the favour of that monarch would have been secured to him, and the highest office of the state open to his ambition. Bitterly too did he curse the artful bearing of Sebastian, which had so completely outwitted him,—outwitted one who prided himself on his superior cunning. He had imagined that he was bending the King to the purpose of his will, and each day expected to hear the declaration of his attachment to Beatrice: in this hope had he abstained from showing undue

solicitude in the matter even to his sister ; nor had he confided to her the secret, that, in the simple guise of a Fidalgo, a monarch was their frequent guest. He had judiciously considered that to have discovered this to Beatrice would have defeated his purpose, by destroying the charm of unsophisticated intercourse enjoyed by the lovers ; and now he had the mortification of finding that the most perfect understanding must long have existed between them. The supposition that they were united by the holy rites of the church never once occurred to Christovao,—for why should this have been kept secret from him ?

The reader, however, will have little difficulty in recognising, in the mysterious marriage of the Arabida, the nuptials of Beatrice and Sebastian. It now only remains for us to explain the extraordinary deception which had been practised on Christovao, or rather, as this is already apparent, the cause of such deceit. When Beatrice, who only saw in the supposed Abrantes a Fidalgo, the chosen companion of her brother, heard from Sebastian the impe-

tuous avowal of his love, a new world of happiness seemed open to her. The young King's manly frankness, softened and subdued by his ardent desire to please, had not failed in securing a deep interest in the heart of the gentle Donna. The consent of Christovao to her marriage with his friend appeared to her as certain; and, confident of his approbation, she besought her lover not to delay making those explanations which would give her brother's sanction to their attachment. But Sebastian did not allow her to remain long in this dream of undisturbed felicity. With an address which love had taught him, he had drawn from Beatrice a confession of reciprocal affection; and now, in a burst of grateful ardour that she had loved him for himself alone, he revealed to the astonished maiden the proud destiny which awaited her. With this knowledge of future greatness came the anxieties ever attendant on passages of the heart where royalty loves not as policy directs; and Beatrice wished that Abrantes the Fidalgo had never been lost in Sebastian the King.

The matrimonial negotiation between the sovereigns of Spain and Portugal,—which during the royal lover's constant visits to the Quinta still continued,—had terminated, as we have before stated, in his projected alliance with the daughter of Philip; and that monarch, in consequence, was to supply a subsidy for the African expedition. The proposals of Philip had not been made till his secret emissaries at the Portuguese court had informed him that Alcacova strongly pressed the necessity of the young King's allying himself by marriage with some foreign power able to assist him in the contemplated war. Whenever Sebastião lamented the insufficiency of his armament, this minister would urge a policy which was so desirable as an ultimate means of giving an heir to the throne, and a present method of obtaining men and arms. To rid himself of these importunities, and to effect what he considered the more essential good to be attained by a matrimonial contract, the King of Portugal accepted the offer of his cousin's hand on the part of Philip; but, long the object of political intrigue, he failed not to pene-



trate the designs of the wily monarch, whose sudden anxiety for this alliance evidently arose from a desire to prevent his forming a connection with any other court. When his uncle had aided him to oppose the negotiations of the Queen Regent and Pope Pius, Philip's hope of reducing Lusitania to a province of Spain, by the failure of direct issue on the part of Sebastian, had been plainly manifested to the young King; who now, determined to fight the arch politician with his own weapons, sanctioned the hollow treaty, accepted the promise of a large auxiliary force, and congratulated himself on the knowledge that his uncle would oppose, rather than insist on, his fulfilling the contract which affianced him to his cousin, so long as he did not show an inclination for any other alliance.

Without detailing aught that might alarm the delicacy of Beatrice in the dread that she was usurping the right of the Spanish Princess, Sebastian, to the astonishment of his mistress, entreated that Christovao should not be informed even of their attachment, while he yet urged



her consent to an immediate marriage. Well knowing Montoyo's proud and ambitious character, the King dreaded his secret might be divulged in vain-glorious triumph, were he permitted to behold a prospect, however distant, of being allied to the throne; and still less could his silence be ensured, were he made acquainted that Beatrice was virtually Queen of Portugal. Thus it appeared to Sebastian necessary for the ultimate well-being of all parties, that Christovao should not be informed of the honour conferred on his sister till circumstances permitted it to be promulgated to the world.

“I love him already as my brother, but I am not blind to his errors,” said the royal lover, when Beatrice, the day previous to their solemn bridal, again besought him that the Marquis might be admitted into their confidence. “From the first day I beheld thee, he has tried to read my heart, and I believe I read his. Having expressed my admiration of thee in glowing terms, which he truly imagined I had never before used in speaking of woman, I inadver-

tently required of him that my visit to the Quinta should be kept secret. It was the first beam of thy influence, my Beatrice, which has now risen over my soul, making all that was darkness light."

The lovers gazed into each other's eyes, and the meeting of lips, which ever fills up the pause in such sweet converse, being at an end, Sebastian continued; while Beatrice, feeling that she was about to be betrayed into an error, was yet anxiously hoping to be convinced of its propriety by the infallible arguments of one, to enthrone whom in her heart she had displaced half the saints of the calendar.

"Christovao, from the first, meant me to be enamoured of thee. He knew that I had never loved, and naturally supposed, when I became attached, mine would be no common passion; while the credit my friends have ever given me for honourable bearing forbade the thought that I should wrong his sister. Oh, Beatrice! how have I seen the workings of his heart told by that tell-tale eye of his! It ever watches us; but I was on my guard, and thou knowest how

soon I made thee my fair accomplice. Still must thou aid me in preventing the outbursts of his pride. He could not help showing his triumph; his is an honest heart that cannot control its failings."

Sebastian here spoke from a false philosophy which had ever been his own bane; but *his* failings were those of a noble disposition. The dark and angry elements of Montoyo's mind, uncontrolled, formed a fearful chaos which found no parallel in the ardent and imprudent, though always ingenuous and generous impulses of Sebastian's heart, from whose excess of virtue often arose the wildest errors.

"I do confess me," replied Beatrice, with downcast eyes, "Christovao might insist on our marriage being made known."

"Yes, dearest; and this would peril much to me," impatiently answered the King. "To wed a subject, even so fair a one as thou art, born of a noble line, and still more ennobled by thy virtues, would be in my uncle Philip's eyes a crime: bitterly would he reward it. He has promised an army of brave Castilians to support

the expedition: without this aid I should not half reap the harvest of glory that awaits me; for, though we should doubtlessly overthrow the infidels, we might not be able to keep possession of our conquered towns, and protect the preaching of the Cross throughout Fez and Morocco."

"Then, if thou dost not get these Spaniards, it would not avert this dreadful war," remarked Beatrice with much naïveté, as though she had felt greatly inclined to turn traitor if such a purpose could be effected. A frown for a moment crossed the brow of Sebastian, and the fair girl trembled at what she had said.

"Nay, Beatrice, do not look so frightened; thou didst not mean to vex me: but ever bear this in mind,—thy influence when exerted even by a word, a look, a sigh, against the cause to which mine honour has been pledged, makes thy Sebastian feel that he has too much forsaken this holy enterprise in loving thee. Forgive me, dearest! weep not, but say thou hast forgiven me: ere many months have passed I shall return—return to claim thee as my bride. Nay,

ere to-morrow's midnight thou wilt allow that claim : but I shall return to declare thee—declare thee in the face of day, my wife, my queen ! Heed not what thou hearest while I am away, for christian kings are married by that false priest Rumour to more wives than would stock a sultan's harem. To-morrow, dearest !—let us think but of to-morrow ! Nicolao is a graceless varlet, and plays me strange tricks by his truancy ; but never has he failed me at my need, when boyish mischief might have brought scandal on the royal perpetrator : thus now I trust him in a graver matter. He will have all in readiness within the chapel of the Arabida : only promise me that our marriage shall be concealed till I permit its disclosure.”

The head of Beatrice rested on the broad shoulder of Sebastian, whose face was half hidden in the silken tresses of the lovely girl, as his words reached her ear in impassioned murmurs. What will not woman grant to him she really loves ? A few more faint remonstrances, and Beatrice consented to deceive her brother. She felt that she had yielded up the

duty she owed her natural protector; she felt that she hazarded her fair fame, and involved herself in the mazes of falsehood; but the sacrifice was made. Nicolao, a merry-hearted and wilful fellow, who under his light bearing hid a trustworthy devotion to the service of his master, whatever might be required of him, had already been conferred with on the subject, and he was now finally commissioned to make the necessary secret arrangements. How these were effected the reader has seen: we shall therefore without further retrospect continue the thread of our narrative.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## A BROTHER'S VENGEANCE.

BEATRICE, having received quite as little information from the Duenna respecting Zuma's sudden disappearance as that ancient dame condescended to bestow on Dom Christovao, had remained since the morning in a state of uncontrollable anxiety. Ere her brother left the Quinta, she had sought communication with him ; but the Marquis was inaccessible to all, and, much to the distress of Beatrice, forbade any search being made for the fugitive. Zuma's hapless affection for Christovao, Beatrice had long suspected ; indeed, the Moorish girl attempted not to conceal from her the feeling of devoted attachment she bore Montoyo. Often had she thrown herself into the arms



of her sympathizing friend, and bade her pray the Virgin that strength might be granted to an humble dependant, who had dared to love one so far above her as the patron—the master to whom she was indebted for shelter and food. The affection which Beatrice bore the Moorish maiden, sincere as it was, could not break down the prejudices of education, which made her suppose it impossible that her brother should contract aught but a noble alliance : thus, even while soothing Zuma with the tenderest endearment, the counsel which she thought proper to give on such occasions, had sounded coldly on the ear of the love-sick girl ; it bade her struggle with a passion which could never be returned. That this passion *was* returned and ardently by the Marquis, Beatrice had of late suspected ; but, having been the first to break the confidence which from childhood had existed between Zuma and herself, she forbore interrogation on the subject. The friends mutually perceived that each had a secret hidden from the other ; but, though the mystery in which the Moorish girl had en-

veloped herself was inexplicable to Beatrice, the cause of her silence must be evident to our reader. The tale of Zuma's love would have been the confession of her frailty to the sister of her seducer.

The well-known step of her brother, in the corridor, aroused Beatrice from the perplexed musings Zuma's disappearance had given rise to. Independently of anxiety respecting her friend, she was now suffering from the self-inflicted torture which ever belongs to the possessor of an important secret ; a dread that everything of unusual occurrence, however apparently foreign to the mystery concealed, betokens its discovery. The Donna Beatrice, who had risen to greet Dom Christovao, had reached the door of her chamber when he entered. One glance at the restless glare of those fearful eyes, over which his dark brows met,—a fitting canopy for the almost demoniac fire which shot from beneath them,—and Beatrice saw that her brother had penetrated a secret, which, rightly elucidated, would have placed him at the summit of his wishes ; but,

as it then appeared to him, was at once the overthrow of his ambitious schemes and the dishonour of their ancient house.

We are unwilling to commit to our pages another scene of violence ; and must hurry over an unhappy interview, marked by the unrestrained passion of Christovao, which was met by cool, determined forbearance on the part of Beatrice. Resolved to conceal her marriage, in obedience to the desire of her husband, she had to support the most cruel taunts, and listen to the deepest imprecations almost without reply. Her brother dared not give his authority for asserting that Sebastian had visited her chamber ; but, though Beatrice wondered much how he had made this discovery, she asked not for her accuser. Her only return to his bitter reproaches was a reiteration of the simple sentence, “ Do with me as you will ; I am at your mercy ! ”

“ Wretched girl ! ” replied Christovao, in answer to a repetition of this expression of entire submission, “ would that thou wert ! — but thou knowest the protector thy loss of virtue

has raised up for thee in Sebastian of Portugal! —'Twas a proper barter for a daughter of the house of Montoyo! —'Protect me from my brother, and I am thine!' Powers of heaven and hell! that I should live to see thee thus! —a monarch's paramour! —the mistress of a king whose throne thou mightest have shared! —But vengeance shall reach thee yet! —Tomorrow Sebastian embarks; the day following sails for Africa; and thou —ah! dost thou tremble, minion? Would I could kill thee, as thy great-grandsire slew his faithless wife! —entombing thee alive were mercy for a crime so deep as thine! No, no! —thou must yet be allowed life to grace thy royal lover's triumph, when, conqueror over the infidels, he comes to claim the Princess of Spain for his bride. He may yet require thy wanton dalliance for a while; then cast thee off for ever!"

Beatrice would willingly have asked why it was supposed Sebastian, on his return to Portugal, would seek the alliance of the Spanish Princess; but she dared not interrogate the enraged Christovao, who, wearied by the

violence of his passion, at length left her uncertain of what his intentions might really be, and fearing that her only safeguard was in the protection of Sebastian,—a protection which, for her brother's sake, she would scarcely dare have invoked, had it been in her power; but, separated from her newly-wedded husband, all means of communication were denied her. The morrow would behold the consecration of the sacred banner at the cathedral of Lisbon; the King would then immediately embark.—“Will he again place foot on the shores of Portugal? Oh! that I may only live to see his return!” murmured Beatrice as she wept in bitterness of soul. “Christovao will send me to Oporto, — perhaps I shall be imprisoned; but Sebastian will be restored to me.—Holy mother of heaven!—he surely will not be slain in this war!” and the hapless girl repaired to her oratory, in the fulness of her heart pouring forth supplications for the safety of her husband; and earnestly she prayed for strength to bear the trials which awaited her.

How different were Sebastian's proud mus-

ings on the future ! The happy consummation of his chivalrous expedition once completed, he contemplated a speedy dissolution of the false engagements which bound him to the crafty Philip of Spain. A seeming desire on *his* part to hasten the fulfilment of their contract would be sufficient to ensure this : and then would arrive the moment when he might proclaim in the face of Europe that Sebastian of Portugal had married the woman of his choice ; that his heart was not brutalized by the sports of the field and the arena of the bull-fight, though he made it not his pleasure to debase his mind by the sensual debauchery of the times ; nor had he, as a monarch, coldly contracted a marriage where his affections had not been consulted. No ! claiming the privilege of the meanest among his subjects, he had wedded to ensure his own happiness ; and gladly would he seize the opportunity of publicly opposing that cold-blooded policy, ever making royal marriages have as deliberate a political tendency as the interchange of ambassadors, and rendering such alliances little



more than the transfer of interests. Sebastian fondly regarded Beatrice as the gentle welcomer of his triumphant return to the cares of his kingdom. Happy under his own roof-tree, it would be his proudest ambition to make his subjects sympathize in that happiness, by the blessings of a peaceful and righteous government.

“Let me be hailed the conqueror of Fez and Morocco, I shall then have had enough of war, and will cultivate the arts of peace. Yes! thou, Beatrice, shalt teach this stern heart of mine those gentler virtues which make not only the king, but the man beloved.”

Thus had the ardent monarch, at his parting with his bride, spoken of the future; and even in the hurry of warlike preparation would his thoughts revert to her. Little knowing that his departure, after their last meeting, had been witnessed by Christovao, and its unhappy consequences, he imagined the wife of his affections in the peaceful retirement of the Quinta, offering up prayers to the saints for his safety in the wars,—his victorious and speedy return.



Poor Beatrice was not wanting in anxiety for the welfare of her royal husband; but the more immediate fears which weighed heavily on her, threatening, perhaps, a final separation from the object of this devoted attachment, scarcely allowed her to think of the dangers he was braving. Woman as she was, most gladly would she have shared peril and privation with him, rather than be left to the mercy of her brother.

When Christovao quitted the chamber of Beatrice, he had already determined on the course of action he meant to pursue, though he purposely left his victim ignorant of her fate. At the time of which we write, a monastic establishment of the strictest discipline existed about two miles from St. Ubes, bordering on the glen of the Arabida, which locality we have before introduced to our reader. It was to this abode of penance Christovao immediately repaired after his angry interview with his sister. While riding up the avenue which led to the nunnery, an expression of stern satisfaction stole over the features of the Marquis as

he regarded the forbidding front of the edifice before him. A structure of the eleventh century, it had seen many changes : originally a monastic building, and then used as a state-prison during the Moorish supremacy in Portugal ; on the expulsion of these invaders it had been given to a sisterhood of nuns ; and if not, in the general acceptation of the expression, an engine of state,—had certainly become an establishment much used in the domestic policy of the nobility ;—even royalty, it was said, had been there immured. Many a refractory daughter of a noble house, after being subjected to the cruel vigils of the Casa de Pena,—yielding to the decrees of obdurate parents and guardians,—had bade the tongue forswear the early affection of her youth ; and, while the gangrene of despair was eating deeper and deeper the love-trace of memory on her heart, wedded age and splendid misery. Many a fair girl, who had “ loved not wisely, but too well,” had there disappeared for ever from the home her frailty had scandalized ; where it had become a virtue to condemn, or a

duty to forget her. Within the portals of those silent walls she was received, never more to go forth. There the mother's agony or the infant's cry never fell on the ear of pity; for pity would have been thought crime. In a case of this character, a receipt was given for the golden ducats deposited with the unhappy inmate; the child was sent to a distant nurse; while intelligence of the mother's death, whenever it might occur, transmitted to the head of the noble house she had offended, was the sole account of guardianship usually required. Who could declare by what harshness and cruelty death had been hastened?

Such was the establishment in which it was the pleasure of the Marquis de Montoyo to immure the Donna Beatrice. That her seeming frailty should have called forth the indignation of a brother was most natural; but Christovao had not felt what he imagined the degradation of his sister, so deeply as the overthrow of his own visions of greatness. Our angry and unholy impulses often affect the character of virtuous indignation, deceiving

even ourselves into the belief that we are righteous rather than vindictive judges. Christovao, the seducer of Zuma, who would have scorned the idea of being answerable to Zadig for the dishonour of a sister, considered that Sebastian, King of Portugal, had injured him past redress by taking advantage of the opportunity he had himself afforded him to gain possession of Beatrice. The ruin of his royal master by the most consummate treachery was not too severe a retribution for the wrongs done to the house of Montoyo. The contemplation of his proposed revenge had already taken full possession of Christovao's excited imagination; and, the arrangements for his sister's reception in the convent completed, the Marquis commenced his homeward way, deeply conning over the readiest method of getting Sebastian within his power. From this ungenerous and perplexing subject, after a while, his thoughts diverged to Zuma. Cruelly as he had wronged her, she was the only green spot in the scorching desert of his thoughts; a solitary oasis which the whirlwinds of passion,

raging around, threatened again and again to overwhelm ; but its guardian genius was a woman's devotion. Christovao loved Zuma with an intensity which, as a fire, seemed to consume itself with the object it fed on ; and more frequently was his affection exhibited in jealous doubts, and consequent bursts of ungovernable temper, than in the soft endearments of requited attachment. Often, when absent from her, would he blame his harshness towards a being who lived but in his smile ; and, hastening his return, (such was the discordant demon that seemed to inhabit him,) again for some unmeaning trifle would he trample on the heart that loved him, even in his wrath. The developments of the last few hours had till now scarcely left the Marquis leisure to take himself to task for his hasty impression of Zuma's infidelity, which led him so cruelly to outrage her feelings. He had promised to return to the goatherd's cottage in the course of the day, and now turned his horse's head in that direction.

“ Poor girl ! ” thought Christovao, “ I have

bitterly wronged her ; but how could I have imagined this consummate treachery on the part of Beatrice ? Dear Zuma ! there is one being that loves me,—one being that I can love : never, never will we part. She shall go with me to Africa ; I will at once suggest this to her : readily will she accede to my wishes, and become my companion.”

Thus communing with himself, he reached the cottage, where Zuma was impatiently expecting him, not more anxious to see her lover than to learn tidings of the Donna Beatrice ; for she knew the angry meeting between the brother and sister must have taken place, and dreaded the result.

“ Tell me of Beatrice,” said Zuma, disengaging herself from the ardent embrace of Christovao, and looking timidly in his face, as if she dreaded the answer she awaited.

“ Zuma, Zuma, it is ever thus when I would for a brief moment be happy !” exclaimed the irritated Marquis de Montoyo. “ If you speak of that wretched girl, that disgrace to our honourable name, you will drive me mad. She



is to suffer for her crime : to-night she will be in the Casa de Pena."

"And you will let me see her, Christovao?" soothingly asked Zuma, placing her small hand in the convulsive grasp of her lover, and laying her head on his shoulder;—"you will let me see her,—let me stay with her till your return from Africa? I too should be a Magdalen."

"When thou wishest to become one, Zuma," said Christovao, regarding her with a look of stern reproach, "thou hast only to speak. Say thou art tired of loving me,—of submitting to my caprices,—galled by my constant complainings of thee,—scared by my passions,"—and here his voice trembled with an emotion that was indeed fearful.

Zuma, with piteous entreaty, besought him to be calm; and, clinging to his shoulder, leaned her head on his heaving breast, and murmured, 'Christovao, forgive me!—am I not *all* thine? I spoke but of remaining with Beatrice till your return: I have no home now. In the Quinta de Montoyo my name is



linked with shame and mystery : the Duenna would shun me, — the domestics look strangely on me. Oh, Christovao ! Christovao ! why am I not thy wife ?”

Zuma had now touched a chord in the iron breast of her seducer, which, it might be supposed, would have vibrated in the outpourings of increased passion : but no ; so seldom did the Moorish girl make this appeal to his feelings, that when, as in the present instance, a lamentation over her fallen state escaped her in agony of spirit, it seemed to possess an almost paralysing influence on Christovao. The storm of his rage was past ; he sank into a seat, and drawing Zuma into his embrace, wiped the tears from her eyes.

“ My poor girl, it cannot be ! — thou knowest it cannot !” said the subdued Montoyo. “ Could I act but for myself, I would wed thee ; but I am the head of a proud house, the younger branches of which would glory in my mis-alliance. Thou knowest it well, Zuma.— I owe thee more than marriage could repay :

all that has been bright in my dark and stormy life has come from thee. As a boy, I loved thee, — marked thee for mine own ; and thou wert mine, — art mine ! Zuma, thou shalt not remain in fear of scorn, — though none *dare* show it thee. Come with me to Africa ; thou hast a bold heart, braver than many a strippling lad : I'll dress thee as my page. Wilt go, Zuma ?”

The radiance of joy which illumined the face of the Moorish girl, as she raised her eyes to meet the inquiring gaze of Christovao, scarcely left occasion for the expression of gratitude and affection with which she hailed this permission to accompany her lover. Beatrice, however, was not forgotten : when the Marquis paused in explanation of the necessary arrangements for Zuma's joining his suite at Cadiz with secrecy and despatch, — as Montoyo, being in immediate attendance on Sebastian, could not venture to intrude her into the royal galley, — again and again did she beseech that Beatrice might not be taken from the Quinta ; or, should Christovao insist on placing

her in a convent, that it might not be in the Casa de Pena. Christovao was sternly obdurate, and, despite all her entreaties, conceded only one point to her repeated solicitations, — that on the morrow Zuma should have a meeting with Beatrice in her new abode. The Marquis, having written on his tablets a communication of this permission to the superior of the convent, left them with the Moorish girl, and returned to the Quinta but a short time previous to the arrival of the attendants who were to conduct his sister to her prison.

A covered litter conveyed the Donna from the Quinta de Montoyo; not even the Duenna was allowed to accompany her: and though it is but fair to say, that Senhora Saltero's importunities to learn from the Marquis the destination of Beatrice, and the cause of her removal, were loud and many, they proved without effect. Not one of the establishment knew why the unresisting girl was taken from the home of her childhood, save her brother; and the place of her future abode was equally wrapt in mystery. The carriage was attended

by strangers, who refused to answer the questions of the household during their short stay in the Quinta; and the Marquis, soon after their departure with his sister, mounted his horse and rode forth, — but whether for the purpose of accompanying them in their mysterious journey, or on his route to Lisbon, none of the deeply interested domestics could determine. After escorting the litter to the gloomy portals of the Casa de Pena, secure that the primary step was taken towards dividing Sebastian from Beatrice for ever, he lost no time in presenting himself before his royal master; and with smooth self-possession, in answer to the monarch's guarded and formal inquiry, made his customary assurances of the Donna's welfare.

## CHAPTER IX.

## CONSECRATION OF THE BANNER.

At an early hour in the morning commenced the procession attendant on the consecration of the Holy Banner ; to which Sebastian, not only from religious but political motives, lent that pageantry so dear to the church of Rome, and blinding to the mass of the people, who, content with the glittering adjuncts of the show, almost forgot how hollow was the occasion which had called it forth. A bitter foretaste of the misery which ever clung to this hapless expedition in its rise, progress, and termination, had already fallen to the lot of the Portuguese. Portugal, even in seasons of comparative abundance, never produces corn for more than three-fourths of its population ; in

consequence of which discrepancy between the supply and consumption, large importations are annually necessary.

By the advice of an attached, but in this instance unprincipled, courtier, Doctor Pedro Barbosa, — who likened his royal master to Joseph garnering the resources of Egypt,—Sebastian, to raise money for the African invasion, became the monopolist of all the imported grain throughout the country. An edict was promulgated, threatening the severest penalties on any purchaser of foreign corn, except through the medium of officers appointed by the crown for that purpose. These persons behaving with a venality which generally marks the conduct of agents in acts of oppression, the execution of whose duties insensibly undermines principles the most virtuous, Portugal was soon filled with a starving people; the rapacity of the government commissioners having, for their private emolument, far exceeded the bounds which had been determined for the royal exactions. Retailled from the government stores, corn had risen fearfully in price,

threatening famine to the very multitude who now rent the air with acclamations at a pageant which might be truly called a triumph over the best interests of Portugal. It was the opening of a vain-glorious campaign, uncalled-for by the exigencies of the state; a war of aggression, sacrificing to Sebastian's zeal for the cause of the Cross and love of conquest, first the bread, and then the blood of his people.

We cannot be accused of making our hero a faultless monster, nor would we fall into the opposite extreme; Sebastian but yielded to temptations particularly consonant to a disposition of mind which considered little of minor evils, so a great good was effected. The sacrifices he called on his people to make were in his opinion light, when compared with the glory which a triumph over the Moors must bring to Lusitania; and, could it have been possible, cheerfully would he have borne in his own person every privation inflicted on the humblest of his subjects, to achieve so desirable an end.



Amid the throng crowding forward to the cathedral of Lisbon were our friends Nicolao and Padré Chavès. The former had mingled with the crowd, rather than take on himself his share (however small) in the fatigues of the spectacle as an actual performer. Nicolao was, sooth to say, an idle varlet, who, in consideration of being intrusted with the keeping of his master's secrets, much as he loved him, considered the bearing of such a momentous burthen a return in full for his wages; and often, when actually required in the royal presence, he was following the bent of his inclinations rather than the business of the palace.

The Padré, intent on showing his loyalty to his king and his duty to his patron, had purposed reaching the cathedral at day-break, ere the crowd had gathered, that he might place his portly person as conspicuously as possible among the minor ecclesiastics; but the possession of gold pieces always militated against the churchman's early rising. It was not that his dreams were golden, and conse-

quently delightful to prolong. It was not that he delayed his natural rest by counting over his store, while poorer men slept peacefully. No! it was this: when the Padré had money, he became curious in the matter of wines; and the ardent pursuit of such a pleasing branch of experimental philosophy robbed Chavès of much *beauty sleep*. He had, as he promised Nicolao when the fifty pieces were placed at his disposal for charitable uses, liberally interpreted the servitor's intimation, and proceeded on an interesting inquiry directed towards all the wine-stores in Lisbon. It was proper that an intelligent churchman, like Padré Chavès, should make himself acquainted with the particular temptations lurking in the different sorts of dangerous beverages inimical to both body and soul. With the commoner order, he flattered himself, few Padrés were more conversant; and if an exordium had been required, urging his hearers to abandon every variety of "*vinho de termo*" making its pernicious growth in and upon the neighbouring vales and plains, their spiritual shepherd could

have carried his flock, in imagination, on a most edifying pilgrimage. He could exorcise each of these spirits of the land by name, and hold it up to the abhorrence of all good Catholics, with due mention of its peculiar flavour and strength in newness and age, in brilliancy, colour, and body, together with its effect on the human frame; so that every thirsty soul might tell the nature of the liquid demon he had to deal with. But it had been long *Padré Chavès'* ambition to increase his knowledge in this his favourite study of vinous poisons: indeed, if the priest did not actually originate the idea of a temperance society, he had very nearly arrived at the necessary conclusions; and, having lately been enabled to enlarge the sphere of his usefulness, he had become a greater martyr than ever to the cause of sobriety in experimentalizing on the intoxicating properties of the dangerous fluids. The *Padré* and the servitor met accidentally, each surprised to see the other. They were just then in sight of the cathedral, but the crowd was so dense that it admitted not of

their penetrating to the gates of the edifice : so the two friends, placing themselves in a favourable position to view the procession at a moderate distance, fell into immediate colloquy.

“ Not in buff, back and breast-piece, Nicolao !” exclaimed the priest : “ why, man, does not thy master go to the war with our King ; or is he more prudent than valorous, like Dom Juan de Mascasenhass ? I thought to have seen thee riding in the procession, as artificially encased in steel as thou art naturally enshrined in brass.”

“ Mind not me or my master,” replied Nicolao rather sharply ; “ I expected not to have seen *thee* here ; but, as we *have* met, we must not part till I make a clean breast of my rage with thee.” Here Nicolao caught hold of the Padre’s arm, and, putting his mouth to the red, capacious ear of the churchman, sharply whispered, “ Who was the priest at the chapel of the Arabida ?”

“ Who, my son ?—why, who should it have been but the Padre Chavès, thy good and

true friend?" replied that worthy, somewhat abashed at so home a thrust.

"Ay, *Padré*, that is a question easily answered. Who *should* it have been but *Padré Chavès*? I say no other under the sun,—for *he* alone engaged to be there."

"And there I *was*," said the priest, recovering his effrontery. "Who says I did not perform the ceremony?"

"I, — thou shameless father of the church, and son of the father of lies," said Nicolao, half-smiling at the *Padré's* impudence. "Had it mattered one jot who married the parties,—so they remained undiscovered, — I could expose thee in a quarter where it would go hard with thee."

"I do not care for thee, or thy master, *Senhor Nicolao*," retorted *Chavès*. "I tell thee I was there, though I liked not the office."

"Truly, then, thou hadst left thy paunch at home, and brought no stomach to the business," said Nicolao laughing; "for the priest I saw emerge from the chapel, was thin and

tall, not built like a bull as thou art. I slept at St. Ubes that night, and had to cross the glen at sunrise, when he glided past me like a spectre: who should have been in the chapel if thou hadst secured the key, as thou didst promise?"

"Some one who had another that fitted it as well," stoutly answered the Padré. "But, Nicolao, since thou art so hard upon an old friend, I know not why I should not bring *thee* to task. That bag of thine was short of fifty by two."

"Priest," with mock gravity responded the servitor, "keep but an account of the lies thou tellest each day, and I'll warrant thou wilt count fifty from sunrise to sunset so often, that the number will come glibly off thy tongue. Dost think I took the paltry pieces?"

"No, no, my son!— I did but jest," hastily replied the priest, for it was no part of his policy to offend the court retainer; "give me thine hand; we will talk no more of the past."

Nicolao was too merry-hearted to remain long angry ; so peace was ratified between the disputants in time to allow of their lending proper attention to the procession, which was now approaching. A squadron of Portuguese cavalry advanced in close order, the sun shining on the helmets and cuirasses of the horse-men, while their gallant chargers tossed their heads as if in time to the points of war sounded by a corps of trumpeters which followed them. These preceded a body of German infantry, veteran soldiers, lent to the expedition by the Prince of Orange. A detachment of Italian mercenaries came next, headed by their brave leader, Sir Thomas Stukely, who, instead of making a diversion in favour of papal supremacy in Ireland,—the original intention of these adventurers,—had been induced to take service under Sebastian. The English knight and his warriors were mounted ; though the greater portion of this auxiliary force, then awaiting embarkation in another part of the city, was infantry. On the above-mentioned troops



reaching the cathedral, they conjointly formed three sides of a square, to receive the grand pageant of the procession,—the sacred banner. Two heralds, bare-headed and riding abreast,—old men, who could ill support the honourable but weighty blazonry of tabard with which they were decorated,—first slowly advanced. Then came the Archbishop of Lisbon, amid a crowd of priesthood in the pompous garb of their various orders: these surrounded rather than preceded the banner; on one side of which was the sacred symbol of Christ crucified, while the reverse bore, gorgeously emblazoned, the arms of Portugal. On the right of this holy standard rode the king, mounted on a beautiful white Arabian horse, a present from a vassal prince of India. Rich trappings in lattice-work, embroidered in gold of damask on cloth of gold, and studded with pearls, formed the costly housings of this splendid animal. But on its rider were the eyes of the shouting multitude fixed. Nicolao had nearly forgotten, in the pride he exhibited at the gallant appearance

of the King, that Padré Chavès was by his side, who imagined him the servitor of a Senhor Abrantes, some humble Fidalgo of the court.

“Why, man, thou art the most loyal subject in Portugal,” said the Padré as he pulled at Nicolao’s jacket, who, jumping up to get a better view of his lord, was at intervals exclaiming, “Blessings on his handsome face!—the saints bear him harmless!—the kindest master, the warmest friend, the bravest prince in Christendom!”

There were many others, though not so intimate with Sebastian’s nobleness of heart and kindly disposition, then gazing with pride and affection on their young monarch, who certainly at that moment looked “every inch a king.” He wore a blue coat of Genoa velvet, embroidered with flat gold of damask, barred with lace of woven gold. A blue guard or upper garment was worn above this, the sleeves of which were slashed with cloth of gold, each aperture fastened at the extremity by a ruby button, set round with orient pearls. His bonnet, which was decorated with invaluable gems, though it

concealed his lofty brow, hid not his fair but manly features, and the glance of his bright blue eye,—now fixed on the flag that waved beside him, and now lighted up with enthusiasm as he gracefully bowed in answer to the *vivas* of his people. Diego Lopes de Segueira, the admiral of the expedition, rode close to the King: his coat of dark velvet was fastened with large trefoil clasps of gold, not far short of four hundred in number; at least, so says the record from which we take our description. A splendid *cortège* of Portuguese *noblesse* now followed, each noble vieing with his compeer in the costliness of his appointments; and the whole procession was closed by cavaliers and men-at-arms, drawn from the different foreign auxiliaries of the army.

The chaunt, the swell of high-mass is heard in the cathedral, and, bursting the confines of the sacred pile, rises into the clear atmosphere. The prayers of king, priesthood, and people ascend to the throne of Heaven; the banner of Portugal is consecrated, and placed under the guardianship of Dom Louis de Menèzes, chief

standard-bearer. Once more the proud procession forms; the monarch returns not to the palace, he has ceded the cares of royalty. The Duke of Braganza, the Archbishop of Lisbon, and the Bishop of Coimbra form a regency, allowing him to go forth the leader of this new crusade. Fresh troops now fall into the line of march; the pageant is lost in the sternness of military array, and reaches the shores of the Tagus:—Sebastian of Portugal has embarked on his rash, though chivalrous expedition. The young king of an ancient people, the hope of millions, has turned him from the arts of peace, thrown aside the sceptre of justice and paternal rule, left the harvest unreaped, the vineyard untended, and the halls of his nobles desolate! He has gathered around him churchmen and statesmen, chiefs and warriors,—the veteran of a hundred fights,—the boy who pants to emulate his fame! The peasant is there, with the lord who claims his vassalage; the Moor is there, to fight against the land of his sires, with the master who holds him bondsman; the captain is there, with his

*free* company of mercenaries,—alas ! for their freedom ! like the gladiators of old, they are sold to wounds or death, —and the swelling waters of the Tagus bear on their impetuous tide a hundred barks torn from the gainful toil of commerce,—catacombs of the living, carrying youth and strength, high hope and manly beauty, to one red field of sepulture !

## CHAPTER X.

## THE "CASA DE PENA."

WE have already said that it was evening when Beatrice was conveyed from the Quinta Montoyo. She had been placed in the hands of strangers by a brother whose bearing was ever wanting in affection, and whose anger she had now roused: such a reflection was sufficient to cause anxiety respecting her future destiny. She believed that Christovao was about to place her in a convent; but it was well for the Donna's self-possession that she knew not the character of that convent. Beatrice had passed beneath the dark archway which led into the interior of the building, ere she was aware that her journey had terminated. Assisted from her litter by one of the sisterhood, she found herself in a quadrangle surrounded

by overhanging galleries, the shadow of their abutments deeply contrasting with the pale azure radiance of the summer night. A fountain in the centre of the square was playing within a circular reservoir, the disturbed surface of which reflected the gleam of the crescent moon just risen above the convent walls: broken by the tremulous waters, it seemed as if the calm light of Heaven could find no resting-place in that abode of cruelty and superstition. But a single attendant of those who had conducted her from home had been admitted through the gateway. Silently the man gathered the reins of his horses together; and Beatrice watched him repass the portals, as though, even in this sullen stranger, a friend were departing. The heavy gates, shut with a jarring sound by an old lay sister, roused the Donna from the dull apathy of despair which was stealing over her.

“Oh! my beloved father!” she exclaimed, her clasped hands raised in supplication; “why art thou not on earth, to save thy daughter from this living death?”



“The father of a daughter coming *here*, Senhora Inez, as thou hast come to-night, is better with the saints in glory, than living to curse his degenerate child.”

“Inez !” said the Donna Beatrice, turning on the speaker, who was now, with the exception of the portress, the only person she perceived in the quadrangle.

“Yes, Senhora Inez Sampayo.” And the superior, for such she soon declared herself to be, came close to the astonished Beatrice, and whispered, “By no other name are you known here; dispute my authority in this, or aught else, and your temerity will merit its punishment.”

A mandate put forth in such terms by the Mother Ursula was not likely to be disobeyed. She was a tall, stately woman, whom age had withered, but not bowed. The hood of her monastic dress was sufficiently thrown back to exhibit the harsh outline of her features: she waved her hand towards a door in a wing of the building, and Beatrice, silently passing before her, felt the chilling influence of her

lustreless eyes. After they had threaded several narrow passages, the superior bade her hapless companion enter a small cell; and sternly intimating that bread and fruit should be brought, "though now past the usual hour of refection;" the new penitent was left to commune with her own sorrows. In the little dormitory allotted her the usual adjuncts to meditation were not wanting. There was the black wooden cross rising behind a small table on which was placed a well-worn missal, and that restless emblem of mortality, which is ever snatched from the dead to be made the companion of the living—a skull. The promised refreshment ere long was brought by the portress, who placed it before the disconsolate Beatrice. Seated on the low pallet which was to be her bed, she had slowly raised her head as the old woman entered. Coldly she regarded the official of the convent with the despairing gaze of one who never again expected to look on a friend, when an expression of surprise and recognition burst from the lips of the lay sister; and, at the

same moment, hope, which had almost departed from the Donna Beatrice, once more rallied in her bosom, as the features before her came to her recollection. The portress of the convent was the mother of a deceased favourite servant, whose long sickness and even death the Donna and Zuma had soothed by the most unwearied attentions; and the gratitude of her bereaved parent had been proportionately expressed. The hand that was held out by Beatrice was ardently pressed, but as instantly dropped by the old woman: whispering "To-morrow at matins," she turned round to depart, in time to meet the superior, who had followed her. The appeal for protection, which arose to the hapless girl's lips, was unuttered; while the bitter consciousness that she was indeed a prisoner was made but too fully evident, for, as the door closed, an iron bar fell into its staple. Beatrice sank at the foot of the cross, and long and fervent were her prayers to Heaven for succour and resignation.

The night was passed in sleepless musings.

“To-morrow,” thought the bride of Sebastian, “my husband, the king of a powerful nation, going forth to give a throne to its rightful possessor, will embark in the vessel which is to bear him from Lisboa; and the only hope which stands between his forlorn wife and continual imprisonment, perhaps even more violent coercion, is the protection of an aged woman, the mother of a menial. And how can her feeble aid avail me? the inclination may not be wanting, but has she the power? Oh that I had dared to supplicate my brother!—Oh that I could have told him the secret of my marriage—Sebastian! Sebastian! what have I not suffered for thee?”

The sound of the matin-bell found Beatrice still engaged in the like meditations. The bar was removed from the door of her cell, and she looked anxiously for the friendly features of the portress in the sister awaiting to accompany her to mass, but quickly perceived she was a stranger. Beatrice’s heart sank within her at this disappointment. Clothed in the dress of a novice which was brought her, she

followed her conductress to a small chapel; and here she was directed to take her station by the side of several unhappy-looking creatures, garbed after the same fashion as herself; but whether they were penitents, or candidates for the veil, Beatrice cared not to conjecture: she was gazing round her in expectation of beholding the lay sister Agatha. A screen divided the group in which the Donna was placed, from the open part of the chapel: through this she could remark that but a small congregation knelt before the steps of the altar; these were for the most part peasants, and nowhere could she see the portress. The forlorn Beatrice had just come to a conclusion that the superior must have heard the recognition of the previous night, when a low voice reached her ear without the screen, sighing forth, as if in an aspiration of devotion, "Saint Beatrice protect us!"

The Donna was too anxiously alive to the slightest signal from Agatha not to ascribe this exclamation to its proper source. She gradually withdrew a short distance from her

companions during the chanting of the mass, which had now commenced, and had the satisfaction of beholding the lay sister kneeling behind a pillar with her head resting against the screen. To put herself in a similar position was the work of a moment ; and in answer to Beatrice's softly whispered " Speak, mother ; I am here ;" Agatha murmured, " I have not forgotten your goodness to my poor Maria, who is now a saint in heaven." Agitation here made her voice inaudible for a moment. The next sentence her breathless auditor could catch was, " A broken heart, if not a speedier death, awaits you in this place. As your name has passed from you, so will your life. You are supposed to be the daughter of a Fidalgo, immured in this convent as a punishment for an amour with a servitor of low degree."

Beatrice sobbed in agony of spirit, but tears were of such common occurrence among the penitents that no one noticed her.

" Get but lover or friend to assist me, and you shall be free," continued the lay sister.

" I have none," replied the sorrowing girl ;—



the secret of her interest in the most powerful of protectors, Sebastian of Portugal, trembled on her lips,—“ Yes ! go to the King ; he will save me ! ” Had the portress heard her ? When she raised her head from the screen, the nook behind the pillar was unoccupied ; the cause was in a moment evident. Mass being about to conclude, Agatha had suddenly retired to the duties of her situation.

“ Alas ! ” thought Beatrice, “ I am morally culpable of having broken my promise to Sebastian ; and it is well that I am unheeded. But oh ! would he not rather proclaim me his queen before the assembled world, than let me perish here ? ”

The same sister who had before conducted Beatrice now preceded her to the cell. Many a melancholy eye she beheld turned on her by the young creatures who seemed her companions in misery as she passed, but none of these unfortunates dared address her ; and Beatrice remarked that several other sisters were in attendance outside the screen, as if each took charge of a penitent to her place of



durance. The Donna had nearly arrived at her cell, when several of the lay sisters approached, bearing preparations for the morning refection. Among them she perceived Agatha. The nun who walked before Beatrice hastened her steps as she was thus reminded of the meal in progress, for which the cold air of the chapel had no doubt given her an appetite. And, as the attendants passed, the Donna had little difficulty in drawing nearer to her humble friend, who whispered "Vespers! —The Senhor's name?"

Beatrice answered not.—The secret of her royal husband was safe.—The lay sisters had passed on, and ere vespers Sebastian would have sailed. Hope was now extinct, for where was she to look for another protector? The nun returned to the cell with a meagre allowance of bread and dried grapes, which, with a small jug of water, the prisoner was given to understand was to form her morning meal. The bread was coarser than that supplied by the superior's orders the preceding evening; and, for the fresh fruit which had been then

allowed her, were substituted a few bunches of grapes, withered and nauseous from want of care in their preservation since the last vintage. A thorough change of dress was at the same time brought for the prisoner, being the complete habit of a penitent, with the addition of an under-vest of horse-hair. A visit from the Mother Ursula followed these indications of penance and mortification, when Beatrice had to undergo the most searching interrogations respecting the particulars of her supposed crime. She had no means of determining if this cunning and unfeeling woman had really received any particulars of her offence, according to the knowledge Christovao was himself possessed of on that subject, or whether this inquisition was merely intended as a sort of mental torture; but she resolutely, though mildly, refused to answer the questions proposed; and consequently received a philippic, which concluded by the helpless girl being ordered to remain that evening, from vespers till midnight, in the chapel. Many, too, were the pater-nosters, and long the penitential psalms, which Beatrice,

with the apathy of despair, heard allotted her for this solitary vigil. Confused by the continued address of the superior,—whose voice, lately emphatic in the height of her indignation, had now subsided into a cold, monotonous intonation which seemed eating its way through the ear, to wear away the brain,—Beatrice perceived not that a packet had been delivered to the Mother Ursula by a nun, who, with downcast eyes and attitude composed into the rigidity of submission, awaited an answer.

The sudden intimation that a messenger from her brother required to see her in the parlour of the convent, little as she had to expect comfort from such a quarter, brought forth tears which the cruel and undeserved reproaches of the superior had failed to elicit. Preceded by the cold dignitary of the establishment, and followed by the attendant nun, the prisoner was conducted to meet the emissary of Dom Christovao, whose letter of privilege had allowed half an hour's unrestrained conversation ; an indulgence which the superior determined

should be the last of its kind, but which she could not in the present instance refuse, as the Marquis had not yet left the shores of Portugal.

That the Moorish girl was the visitor, the reader need not be informed; nor is it to be wondered that the sight of such undisguised happiness as marked the meeting of Beatrice and Zuma should much have scandalized the propriety of the convent. The superior in consequence dismissed her attendant, lest the nun, who had passed forty years in the establishment, should suddenly recover any of her natural affections as to things belonging to the world. For herself, she believed that her heart was too well steeled against such unholy impulses to dread contagion: so, turning a glass which would mark the allotted half-hour, she betook herself to a corner of the apartment, watching now the anxious and excited countenances of the two friends, and now the running sand that should terminate their interview. After the first joy of meeting had subsided, the same restraint which had latterly rendered their in-

tercourse painful returned in double force, each feeling assured that the confidence of the other had departed from her. The anxious inquiry of Beatrice, why Zuma left the Quinta, was readily answered by the Moorish girl, who had previously determined on making as little alteration of the fact as the concealment of her secret meetings with Christovao would allow. She informed Beatrice that the departure of Sebastian from the corridor had been witnessed by the Duenna, and his visit supposed to have been directed to Zuma's apartment. After this portion of her tale was told, with a glowing cheek — which Beatrice thought blushed for very shame that her friend, who was the real culprit, had so fallen,—she could with truth say that the Duenna had urged her to leave the Quinta. But when Beatrice fell on her neck, lamenting with tears that the companion of her youth, whom she now perceived must have been acquainted with the visits of Sebastian, should have allowed a doubt to rest on her own fair fame rather than betray her friend, the Moorish girl felt, that another moment, and she

must discover all. That she had made a painful sacrifice in behalf of Beatrice she was conscious, and thus she considered these thanks and regrets might be, in some degree, her due; but that Beatrice should dwell with such deep gratitude on her having silently borne the unjust imputation of departure from maidenly virtue for her sake,—with an agony, as the distressed girl imagined, increased by contrasting her own frailty with the purity of her friend,—called the deep crimson to the brow of the conscious Zuma.

“Let us not speak more of it,” she exclaimed, turning away her head from the look of affection and admiration with which Beatrice was regarding her. “I am not so good,—so pure, as your attachment for me would believe; but think not of me, I ask not for your secrets—Could you reveal them, I know you would not hide them from one who loves you with the devotion of a sister. But how are you to be taken from this frightful place?” and here Zuma’s voice sank to a whisper as she saw the cold eye of the superior turned suspiciously toward her.



“I know that Abrantes is the King.—Will he not protect you, Beatrice? Tell me, tell me; shall I go to him and declare Christovao’s cruelty? And yet the Marquis means you well: his heart is noble; he cannot intend you harm. He places you here but for protection till his return from Africa.”

Poor Zuma, while asking if she should appeal to the King for the liberation of Beatrice, had suddenly become conscious that, in so doing, the anger of Sebastian might endanger her lover; and thus she, who had but a moment before exclaimed against Christovao’s cruelty, now faltered forth excuses for his conduct, and dreaded lest Beatrice might accept the offer she had rashly made. From this anxiety she was relieved by the reply of her friend, who saw in Zuma’s agitation only an eagerness to ascertain in what way her services might be most available,—whether she should be allowed to seek Montoyo or Sebastian.

“No, Zuma, no!” answered Beatrice; “my brother believes he is avenging the honour of



our house. I blame him not, nor would I call down Sebastian's anger on him. It is no time to ask you by what chance you discovered he was our king; but aid me in flying to him. I need not then say why I came; but only that I will share the dangers of war, ay, even death with him, rather than this dreadful life, and separation."

Impassioned as had been much of the foregoing conversation, it was carried on by the friends in a tone of voice which prevented the superior from overhearing it; but now Beatrice in almost breathless whispers continued,

"You must have remarked the portress at the gate; she is Agatha, whose daughter Maria we nursed at the Quinta last summer, till the poor girl died.—You remember the old woman's gratitude.—She has promised to aid my escape.—This morning she spoke to me in chapel. This evening, at vespers, I am to tell her how assistance can be afforded from without these horrid walls.—Oh, Zuma, where am I to look for succour?"

"To my brother!—to Zadig!" answered the

Moorish girl. "You know how complete is his devotion to you. He is now at Cintra with the Senhor Camoens, and can easily be called to our aid."

"I believe in the sincerity of his interest in my welfare," rejoined Beatrice; "and it is not now a time to refer to the depth of that interest, which alone makes it painful that I should apply to him. Tell me where the lay sister may find you, and then it will be easy to carry on a communication between all the parties who so generously endanger their own safety for mine."

Zuma had scarcely time to make the necessary explanation ere the Mother Ursula reminded the friends that their interview must immediately terminate. With many tears they parted; and Zuma had the mortification of being conducted to the entrance of the convent by the superior, entirely preventing communication between herself and the portress, who was anxiously waiting to avail herself of this opportunity. The gates closed against the disappointed girl; and, comforting herself that the

lay sister would soon know her abode, she mounted the mule which had brought her to the convent. Followed by a boy, to whose care she had been committed by the goatherd, she now retraced her homeward way, determined to postpone all pending arrangements for her voyage to Cadiz till the Donna Beatrice could accompany her.

## CHAPTER XI.

CAMOENS.

WHERE Beckford's palace of a day, is now, like a solitary painted sepulchre, crumbling to the dust, once stood a small dwelling, the porch of which, mantled with the clustering vine, looked out on the fair scene before its embowered portals, as if inviting some worshipper of nature there to make his hermitage. Young orange-trees, redolent of fruit and blossom, threw their grateful shade around; and the breath of morning, and the dews of eve, came ever to that lonely abode laden with fragrance. Bounding the narrow mule-track winding through the neighbouring dell, mountain crag and steep rose into the still air,—for the winds hushed themselves to rest ere they visited the vale of Cintra;—and long pendent plants,

flaunting their gaudy flowers amid foliage embrowned by the glowing sun, hung from rock to rock, till the barren peaks burst from their leafy bondage, and, glaring awhile in the broad eye of day, laved their heads in the misty clouds of Heaven. Such was the home of Luis de Camoens. The bard, disgusted with the cold bearing of the court towards him,—where a cabal to exclude him from the favour of Sebastian existed among the most influential of that monarch's ministers and favourites,—had withdrawn himself to Cintra, and in the retirement we have described would fain have forgotten the stirring world without its sanctuary. This abode had been purchased by Camoens shortly after his arrival from India. He had returned to his native shore poor in coin, but rich in hope, and richer still in the possession of that writing on the scroll of fame,—though not then unrolled to the world,—which was to remain inviolate when the beacon of his earthly hope had become ashes, and the hand which traced the immortal characters of the *Lusiad* had forgotten its cunning in the grave. In the

expectation of achieving not only fame, but profit, by the publication of his transcendent poem, the bard had made himself proprietor of the little Quinta at Cintra; which, though it contained but three rooms, and its garden scarcely as many roods of ground, was too costly a purchase for the disappointed poet. A certain portion of the price demanded by the original proprietor was however paid, and the new possessor installed. Here lived Camoens, twice the benefactor of his country: the solitary bard of Lusitania, who alone of his compatriots is worthy of taking his station among the children of song;—the horticulturist who first reared the orange in Portugal. Previous to his return from India he had transmitted plants from Macao; and now a nursery of sapling encompassed Camoens' home, where the tendrils of the vine, original occupants of the soil, crept round their green bark, as if jealously wrestling with the infant tree which was one day to make Portugal as famous for the orange as the grape.

We have been long hovering about the

poet's dwelling, let us now enter, — for it was here the messenger of Zuma found Zadig, the humble friend rather than the servitor of Camoens. The misfortunes of men of genius have again and again been dilated on: among the minor of these, it may be remarked that the face and form of the most distinguished among the literati and lights of the world have been generally in an inverse ratio to their mental superiority. The bard of Portugal was seated at a table, intently writing. The severe outline of his features was illumed by the power of thought which beamed in the solitary eye early misfortune had left him; and the short beard, gathered round the mouth and chin, was crisply curled. Toil and sorrow, not age, had silvered the once-golden hair of the poet, and slightly bowed a form that was squarely set, — more calculated for endurance than grace of movement. Zadig, who at a distant part of the room was preparing a frugal repast for his master in a kind of earthen stove, seemed oftener engaged in watching Camoens than in paying attention to his task. He was



a tall, athletic Moor, the fine oriental character of whose features might have belonged to a dweller on the banks of the Indus rather than a native of Barbary. His eyes were large, dark, and lustrous; his black hair, parted in the centre of his forehead, curled in long ringlets till it met the small compact beard of early manhood, through which his wavy expressive lip and well-formed teeth were distinctly shown.

A knocking at the door of the little Quinta disturbed the contemplations of Zadig and their object,—the employment of his master. This unwonted occurrence at their silent and solitary dwelling proved to be an application for admission on the part of the boy to whom Zuma, guiltless of letters, had entrusted a verbal communication, couched in terms sufficiently urgent to ensure a visit from her brother, without specifying why she required to see him. This message delivered in the porch, and the messenger directed to await an answer, Zadig returned to Camoens' apartment, and with respectful confidence addressed him:

“Master, I have spoken to you of my sister ; she is in danger or difficulty, for she bids me come to her.”

“And thou shalt go, Zadig. Thou surely didst not wait to hear me say this, ere thou gavest an answer to her bidding.”

“Master, I feel certain that much is wanting of me, or Zuma would not have thus strongly pressed my coming. I know not when I may return,” rejoined Zadig musingly, — apparently more distressed at the necessity for his leaving Camoens, than the bard, who, in losing the services of his only domestic, knew not where to look for another.

“Call me not master, Zadig ; thou knowest I am not thy master, but thy friend, — ay, thy obliged friend,—the friend thou hast worked for harder since I have broken thy bonds, than any bond-slave in Portugal. Tell the messenger, in the evening thou wilt be with thy sister. I must this day return to Lisboa, and we will journey thus far together.”

Zadig no longer disputed the kind permission of the bard, and, after dismissing the boy,

with much anxiety awaited till Camoens should again address him. The young Moor regarded his master—for so he still loved to call him, though he had been legally enfranchised,—with the veneration of a disciple, and never presumed to commence a conversation. Desirous as he then was of ascertaining the cause of their return to Lisbon, he remained silent. They had within the week left that city, the poet having purposely withdrawn himself from the court rather than witness the departure of Sebastian for Africa. Camoens had in his “*Lusiad*” encouraged the King’s generous though imprudent ardour for this expedition, while less enthusiastic advisers opposed the inclinations of their monarch: now, these unwilling conceders to the royal will were bidden to the contemplated triumph; and Camoens, forgotten, neglected,—ay, even another bard called forth from comparative obscurity to share in the glory of the war, and sing the victories of the Cross in the land of the infidel.

The poet had resumed his writing, which he

continued but for a short time : as if reading the anxious inquiry depicted in Zadig's expressive countenance, he replaced his papers in a box before him, and said with a smile,

“ We have much to do ere evening. The Senhor Pirez was here this morning when thou wert at the village ; and, commending the improvements worked around these once bare walls,—for unsightly he owned they were when we took them in possession, — gratefully he insinuated that it might not be convenient for me to pay the rest of the purchase-money, — and the sum already advanced was sorry rent for so pretty a hermitage. Indeed, the Senhor wished occasionally to reside in the Quinta, — Lisboa did not agree with his delicate health :— he was fearful he could not find an abode to suit him. Oh, Zadig ! thou wouldst almost have smiled, though not given to such fooling of the muscles, to have watched how one poor solitary truth was masked by many lies. The meaning of the matter was, —out of the Quinta thou shalt go, Camoens ;—thou canst not pay what thou owest me, for thou dost get poorer

and poorer : thou art out of favour at court, and out of the abode thine own orange-trees have made beautiful, thou shalt go !”

The bard had commenced his recital with a smile, for he would willingly have cheered his servitor ; but a tear stole down his furrowed cheek ere he had concluded.

“ Yes !” said Camoens, apostrophizing the fragrant little grove that waved before the open casement, “ I have made a bower for the honey-bee, hung with golden lamps : the wayfarer may laugh at the poet’s fancy, as though I had woven a chaplet of flowers that must wither and die ;—but a time shall come when the thirsty traveller shall drink of the fountains of that tree throughout the land :—ships shall freight themselves from its branches, and the maiden hear the song of Camoens beneath its boughs,—breathed by a lover’s voice,—as, culling the fragrant blossoms, he binds them on her brow, and wins her for his bride.”

Zadig had almost forgotten the distress of the poet in listening to the impassioned outpourings of a spirit that was bright to the

last, — glowing amid disappointment, and sorrow, and premature old age: a flame which desolation could not quench,—the lamp of a sepulchre.

“ Master, I will not quit you !” at length exclaimed the Moor, breaking the spell which seemed to chain him to silence. “ Whatever may be demanded of me, I will return to you, — abide by you ! Our stars are not to be divided. You smile at the belief taught me by the sage of the Nile who abode in my father’s dwelling :— though we may part in the house of life, we shall meet in the house of death ! There is a sign of peace between us, — and has there not been peace ? There is a sign of love, — and has there not been love ? There is a forsaking, and it must be that we part : but, master, — nay, do not, do not smile, — you have travelled in lands where the celestial influences are believed in and taught. The Eastern Magi bid the stars reveal the destiny of man :— experience may teach the humblest believer. What great event can we look back on but was foretold by astrology ?



The newly initiated read the approaching wonder, yet doubt that it will come :—behold, even as the stars have forewarned does the event arrive ! That which was doubt becomes certainty ; and he who trembled that the mysterious science he had embraced was a juggle and a cheat, is confirmed in his belief, that learned men since the days of the Chaldeans, have not banded in brotherhood to propagate a lie.”

“Zadig,” said Camoens, still smiling in spite of the Moor’s grave countenance, when soliciting his serious attention, “I pretend not to read the stars, but methinks I can read the book where the fate of each man is written : it is even his own heart. Thou art agitated at the message just delivered to thee, and it has stirred up the depths of feeling. There are impulses working in thy breast which thou wilt not analyse, but wouldst rather graft them on thy wild theory of a star-writ destiny, — an impelling fate. Stop ! I listened long to thee, and would now, in my turn, be understood,—ay ! make thee understand thyself. Thou lovest thy sister—I know



thou dost: thou wert but a stripling when, as thou hast told me, through the burning rafters and glowing walls of thy father's house thou didst bear her forth;—haply into the arms of those who, having killed the sire, did make his children prisoners; but thou hadst saved her life. Yes, Zadig, thou lovest thy sister. Thou hast watched her ever and anon, when opportunity hath permitted thee, with a jealous, anxious love. Though well pleased at her adoption, as a child, into the family of De Montoyo, thou hast since had a restless dread that the specious Dom Christovao—he who is twining himself round our monarch's heart, trust me, but to sting him,—loves thy Zuma and is loved in return. Thou hast never told me this; but, on thy return from visiting the Quinta, thou hast talked, even in thy sleep, of influences that must be watched,—and thou wert wretched. Boy! boy! why hast thou not long ere this taken me into thy counsels? Zuma should have been warned of her danger—the influences not watched with the eye of a fatalist, of an astrologer, who measures

day by day the coming of the rock which is to crush him. Zuma, if feeling aught of love for Christovao de Montoyo, should have been snatched from his protection before her happiness was completely wrecked. The Marquis will not make her his wife! Her blood and thine may be ancient among thy people, but the Montoyos boast a long line of unmingled Christian ancestry."

"Spare me, my master! I may have been inert; I was wrong in not asking your advice: but how could a wretched stranger in a foreign land give protection to a sister, who was herself a captive? Had I stolen her from the Quinta, where could I have bestowed her?"

"Even here," answered Camoens; "it is the unfortunate that ever feel for the unfortunate—the poor for the poor—the oppressed for the oppressed. But, Zadig," continued the bard, speaking in the deep tone natural to him when his feelings were powerfully excited, "there was another vision mingled with thy dreams of the Quinta,—the fair Beatrice! Thou hast never talked of her in words that

spoke of love ; but when together we have watched the stillness of eve descending o'er the vale, broken only by the distant herdsman's cry, the goat-bell tinkling on the mountain track, or the song of the muleteer, rising and falling in the windings of the glade ;—when the orange blossom gave forth all its sweetness, and the floweret held open its cup to drink of the dews of heaven ;—when earth was alive with the emerald brightness of the beetle and the lizard, and man, at that hour gratefully sharing in each created insect's joy, felt that it was enough of happiness to live ;—it is then, Zadig, that I have ever listened for the name of Beatrice from thy lips : nor have I kept silence in vain. ‘ The green lizard abounds in the gardens of the Quinta ; the Donna Beatrice loves to watch them, as we see them now, taking their farewell of the setting sun.’—‘ How beautiful the contrast between the two friends !—the Donna Beatrice fair as the Houri of a Christian's paradise—’ And then wouldst thou forget to paint thy sister ; but, wandering on, talk wildly of creeds,

and blame all human distinctions, as only made to keep hearts asunder which love hath joined. Again and again hast thou bid me tell thee tales of Christian maidens wedding Moorish cavalieros; and in the stillness of that summer eve I have heard thee, as thou didst turn away, curse the adverse stars that wrecked the fortunes of thy fallen house. Zadig, even now," said Camoens, placing his hand gently on the shoulder of the young Moor, and looking inquiringly into his face, "anxious as thou art about thy sister's welfare, thou dost ponder more after what manner the Donna Beatrice may be connected with the bidding thou hast received, than of Zuma and the Dom Christovao's love."

"You have indeed probed my heart to its lowest depth, my master," replied Zadig. "It might have been better that I had asked your counsel ere this. But what might have been better?—there was *no* better for the past. Events are in themselves a whole,—we fashion not their various parts as finite man would fondly imagine; nor could we have

worked that change which ever mocks us in the vain regrets of retrospection. Yet why should I weary you with this philosophy? learnt as a boy, and grown strong in the man, it is now my creed — religion — among the many men profess. Take your repast, Senhor; I will then get you a mule for your journey. Where will my master abide in the city of Lisboa?"

"Even in the humblest lodging that may be obtained," answered Camoens; "I would willingly that it should be near the convent of San Domingos; my old friends, the Benedictine monks, will be a solace to me. By this time the King hath embarked on the Tagus, and waits but a favourable wind to take him on his voyage. Ungrateful Sebastian!" sighed the poet; "the flatterers around thee, failing in bending thee to their purpose, now laud thy glorious design. But who stood by thee when the Da Camera's iron influence would have fettered thine actions,—would have cramped thy resources? Who poured the tide of song to keep thee true to thine own glory and

to the Holy Cross? Even Camoens. But Bernardes is to sing Sebastian's triumph!—be it so; I have lived too long. Wonder not, Zadig, that I talk thus plainly before thee,” said the bard, who had, as was his wont, now soliloquized or rather apostrophized aloud, and now apparently addressed the young Moor,—“I have no secrets from thee—none from the whole world.—Happy Bernardes!”

Camoens here sank into a state of musing, which Zadig presumed not to interrupt; and we shall now, with the reader's permission, introduce a far different colloquy carried on between our old friend *Padré Chavès*, and Sister *Agatha*, on her return from a visit to the goat-herd's cottage.

## CHAPTER XII.

## A SECRET REVEALED.

THE portress, in whom gratitude had created an ardent wish to succour the benefactress of her child, seemed by this desire to have attained a shrewdness which belonged not to her general character. Although she regretted the breach of trust which would mark her conduct, she comforted herself with the thought that the Mother Ursula had been the first to break faith. She had been engaged as the portress of the convent; but, many painfully irksome offices having been imposed on her, she had determined on leaving the nunnery rather than be made the instrument of the superior's cruelty in coercing the unfortunate penitents, when, discovering in one of these the Donna Beatrice, she resolved on rescuing her. To



effect this, the chain of action was perfect in all its parts except one, which materially influenced the efficacy of the whole. There existed a secret entrance to the Casa de Pena which was known to Agatha: this, terminating in a grotto within the glen of the Arabida, was used only when a penitent, to whom a more than ordinary mystery attached, was received at the convent; and as a medium of escape it was preferable to the principal entrance, since, communicating with the vaults of the chapel, approach to it from the habitable parts of the building, was less liable to cause observation. Impressions of the keys which commanded this passage had been obtained by the lay sister, placed in Zuma's hands, and through Zadig's instrumentality it was intended that fac-similes should be prepared: but Agatha had only once seen the Arabida entrance opened, and this was from *within*, when accompanying the superior in her office as portress; she was aware that assistance was necessary from without, but how to be applied remained a mystery to her.

The day following the visit of Zuma to the

convent, the lay sister had requested permission to go to Lisbon for the ostensible purpose of obtaining from a notary the proceeds of a small annuity which she drew periodically. Before attending to this business she had carefully examined the grotto, but the irregular masses of rock which there presented themselves, to the uninitiated eye, defied all conjecture as to the locality of the opening. Here was the difficulty which promised to defeat the plans of Agatha for the rescue of the Donna Beatrice; and, after communicating with Zuma on her return from Lisbon, she was proceeding towards the convent in deep thought how she was to make the desired discovery without exciting suspicions as to her intentions, when she was overtaken by *Padré Chavès*, jogging along on his mule. He hailed her with his usual "*Benedicite*;" and controlling the amble of his beast, so as to keep pace with the pedestrian, commenced a conversation, which the lay sister eagerly entered into for reasons which will in due course become apparent to the reader.

“Benedicite, sister! I do know thy features, but thy name strikes me not at this moment.”

“I am Agatha, portress of the Casa de Pena, and mother of the maiden whose death-bed your reverence attended at the Quinta Montoyo,” replied the lay sister.

“Doubtless, and a good daughter of a good mother she was,” rejoined the Padre: “knowest thou aught of the Quinta now, or of its former inmates? There is a change within its walls, sister, which it is sad to see. I would give much to discover where the Donna Beatrice has been spirited to, and have just been thinking that thy convent is not an unlikely place for the Marquis to have chosen as a place of security for the maiden. ’Tis said there has been a variance between the two. Dost happen to know anything of the matter, worthy sister?”

The Padre was allowing his sentences to glide forth with the blindest intonation; but Agatha scrupulously weighed every word he uttered, hoping to detect the real meaning of his questioning. She had suddenly recalled to recollection that Padre Chavès was the con-

ductor of the penitent whose reception at the Arabida entrance she had witnessed ; thus showing his connection with the convent, and leaving her in considerable dilemma whether this might be turned to advantage, or was only to be regarded as a new danger threatening the defeat of her enterprise.

“ You do not answer me,” remarked the priest, after a pause, during which the old woman was mentally debating how far it might be prudent to trust him.

“ There is little I can have to tell your holiness,” faltered Sister Agatha, “ when your reverence is the confessor of the family, and must know more of its concerns than so humble a person as myself.”

“ I tell thee, woman,” cried the *Padré*, nearly at the pitch of his voice,—for he was waxing impatient, and, though blandly he commenced the conversation, bitterly had he been crossed that morning,—“ I tell thee, I know less than the least about the *Quinta* ;—more shame to those who have kept their confessor in ignorance ! The Marquis is on board the

King's galley ; and to-morrow, so but the wind changes, will sail for Tangiers or Cadiz, — whichever is to be the first post of this African expedition on its way to ruin. The Donna left the Quinta the night before last with strange conductors, to go no one knows where !—the Senhora Zuma had disappeared the night before that, nobody knows how !—and, to make the matter more confused, the Senhora Duenna, after sending me word to come and advise her in a world of troubles,—for so runs her message, —never stays for my coming, but, it seems, by orders of the Marquis, goes off to the castle in Entre Douro e Minho, I suppose to scold the servants and worry all the establishment, —nobody knows better how to transact such matters ;—but to treat her father confessor thus is past *my* comprehension. I believe Sebastian's enterprise has driven the whole world mad. Dost know, sister, the old José told me that the Marquis had taken the key of the wine-cellars with him ! It was an ill-advised thing. There are wines shut up which require inspection. For his own sake I regret

it,—as these may spoil. For the sake of society at large I lament it,—for access to those vaults might have materially assisted the working out of my theory on the intoxicating properties of vinous fluids : — a treatise, sister, that will go far to set aside the hideous crime of drunkenness.”

“ It would have a blessed effect could it do so,” responded the portress. “ Your holiness is a learned churchman, and well acquainted with everything a Padré should know.”

“ Thou dost not come so near the fact as I could wish, sister, in respect to the Quinta : I know little about *that* matter. This morning did I even betake myself to the side of the royal galley, determined to see the Dom Christovao ; and the only answer I received was, that ‘ the Marquis de Montoyo, being in attendance on the King, could not be spoken with.’ He shall rue it, he shall rue it !” muttered Padré Chavès to himself, “ by the keys of St. Peter, I would give something to know how to vex him !”

This oath, which had a jingle of the wine-

cellar keys about it, was lost on the lay sister, but she readily perceived that the priest was displeased with his late patron, and thus ventured hesitatingly to remark,

“ If it were not for one reason, I could tell your holiness a little about the Donna Beatrice: yet I dare say your reverence is going to make a visit to the Mother Ursula.”

“ No, trust me am I not!” replied the portly Padré with an involuntary start, which, acting on the rein of his mule, brought the animal to a stand-still. “ I mean,” said the churchman, recovering his self-possession, “ ’tis an honour I do not lightly take on myself. There is a pious and most awe-inspiring bearing about thy superior, which is highly edifying; and, though she is the weaker vessel, I always feel myself a better man when I have left the convent, after an hour passed in listening to her zealous methods for the recovery of backsliders from the righteous fold of our holy Catholic Church. Methinks the Inquisition which has newly come among us for the support of our immaculate faith, might learn a



lesson from the pious Mother Ursula, for whom I have the profoundest veneration."

Here the Padré bowed to the neck of his mule, and a short pause ensued.

"You were going to tell me something respecting the Donna Beatrice," said the churchman, again breaking silence. "Think not I shall mention aught that you may communicate; consider thyself at confession, sister.—It is proper that the priest who has had the spiritual charge of the Donna's family should know somewhat of her place of concealment, for such it seems, from her best friends."

"She is in the Casa de Pena," responded Agatha, frightened at her temerity in betraying the secrets of that prison-house in a quarter where there was a chance, however remote, of the superior becoming acquainted with her departure from the discipline of the establishment.

"There, now! I thought so," said the Padré; "and why couldst thou not have told me this, without such circumlocution?"

“The rules of our convent forbid us speaking outside the walls of what passeth within,” meekly responded the lay sister; “and I should not now have presumed to mention such matters, had I not recollected your reverence to have brought a penitent to the secret passage of the Arabida grotto; which, proving your holiness no stranger to the affairs of the convent, there can be no harm in speaking.”

“Not in the least, sister; I pray thee tell me all thou knowest of the Donna Beatrice.”

Thus invited to confidence, Agatha narrated the introduction of Beatrice into the convent, — the fasts and vigils which had already been imposed on her; and dwelt long on the harshness of the superior, though under covert terms, ascribing all the Mother Ursula’s measures to pious zeal for the cause of religion and morality.

“As the Donna Beatrice is said to have been forgetful of what is due to these holy, virtuous obligations, and in want of such wholesome discipline, I suppose all must be

right. And yet it will be the death of the poor Donna," concluded the lay sister, with a deep sigh.

"The saints forbid!" ejaculated the Padré.

"Such was the fate of the unhappy girl your holiness brought to the secret entrance," softly rejoined Agatha with downcast eyes.

"I suspected as much;—between ourselves, sister, I am of a tender disposition, and like not such harsh doings. It is not likely I shall trouble the secret entrance of the Arabida again."

"Your holiness spoke of trouble," said the lay sister. "There is not much trouble in making the door fall, I believe,—though I never could tell how it was done,—from the outside."

"Eh!" cried Padré Chavès, opening his mouth and eyes wide as he prolonged the exclamation; "thou art twisting my sayings strangely;"—then compressing his lips and dropping his chin into the fat folds of his neck, his custom when in deep thought, after a pause he continued.

"Dost want to know the way to open the

secret passage? There now — don't make a denial of it; thy sex is ever curious, and 'tis but a natural wish for a portress to make herself acquainted with the doors in her charge. The sixth rock on the left of the inner compartment of the grotto has a small cross cut on it; put a strong staff beneath this, and thou canst roll it away. The rough stone above is the entrance, which will then fall on being unfastened from within. Commend me to the Donna Beatrice, sister; I wish her well through her troubles. Thou shouldst be kind to her; she was a gentle mistress to thy daughter. The saints take thee into their holy keeping! I must not idle longer, for I ride to St. Ubes;" and *Padré Chavès* put his mule to a gentle amble, leaving the lay sister astounded at his late address.

That the particular information he had vouchsafed to her was in consequence of a suspicion that she had especial reasons for wishing to be made acquainted with the secret means of egress from the convent, Sister Agatha could not doubt; and his readiness to afford such in-

formation, together with his significant remark, that she should be kind and grateful to the Donna Beatrice, seemed strangely in connection with the scheme of escape in progress. The lay sister thus came to a conclusion, that she could not measure wits with the Padré. Trusting, however, that she had not committed herself to an enemy, she pursued her way rejoicing at having elicited from the kindly-hearted priest the information required, and arrived within the walls of the convent before vespers; when she took an opportunity of communicating to Beatrice that all was well.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE FLIGHT.

THE day arrived on the night of which the persecuted Donna's escape was to be attempted. Zadig had entered into the scheme with an avidity which recked not of consequences if success were insured. He asked not why Beatrice had fallen under the displeasure of her brother. Zuma had not disclosed this to him, and he sought not to pry into a secret which was purposely withheld ; but one inquiry had he made, — the ultimate destination of her friend. To this the reply of his sister was painfully mysterious.

“ Do not ask me, my brother ; the answer would but pain you. Look on Beatrice as one whom you may serve, — rescue from peril, perhaps even death ; but who in return can

only offer an affection such as I bear towards you."

"It is a cruel destiny," sighed the fatalist ;  
"but I have said I will succour her ; and, if I am called on to bear the Donna to the arms of another, my flesh may quiver as though a brand were scorching its way to my heart,—but I will do her bidding !"

Zuma's agitation of mind had completely incapacitated her from performing any part in the liberation of her friend. In no path of the maze amid which she was entangled could she look for self-approval. She had betrayed the secret of Beatrice to retain the affection of her lover ; and now she threatened that lover with danger, or at least thwarted a purpose in which he believed his honour deeply involved, to relieve her friend from the consequences her betrayal had induced. Did she look to the future, hope nowhere illumed the darkness which seemed gathering round her. To continue the mistress of the man she loved, was the fairest promise of her youth, her



womanhood ; and a blighted fame must go down with her to the grave.

Before Zadig, without exciting suspicion, could get the keys made which were to open communication with the subterraneous passage, several days necessarily elapsed. Zuma had been refused a second interview with Beatrice, who was now suffering from every corporeal as well as mental penance which could be imposed on her by the inventive cruelty of the superior : meanwhile, the Moorish girl had little occupation but to brood over the destruction of her young hopes. She was not yet eighteen ;—what a prodigal had she been of youth, purity, and happiness ! All, all seemed to have passed from her ; even her heart had become old with care :—the freshness of her spirit had departed. Zuma was sick both in mind and body when it was necessary that the attempt should be made to liberate Beatrice ; and, unable to accompany her brother to the glen of the Arabida, could only await the accomplishment of his enter-

prise at the goatherd's cottage, where it had been arranged that the two friends should make their abode in secrecy ; Jacinta not being aware that she was taking on herself the serious responsibility of concealing a penitent belonging to the Casa de Pena.

The moon seemed struggling with the flying masses of clouds which passed across her full orb, as if, in her solitary brightness, she were attempting to stem the gathering of some dark storm, when Zadig found himself at the entrance of the grotto which opened about half-a-mile from the convent gates. By the aid of a lantern he discovered the rock which had been described to him, and commenced displacing it, expecting to wait yet a quarter of an hour ere the falling of the stone above would announce to him that Beatrice and the lay sister were at the entrance. To his astonishment, no sooner had he removed the rock from its bed, than the concealed door revolved, and the Moor with great difficulty escaped being borne to the earth by the suddenness of this occurrence. A sort of drawbridge presented itself,

across which he now momentarily expected to see the fugitives pass, though it then wanted several minutes of the half-hour past midnight, the time appointed by Sister Agatha. The dark void remained undisturbed ; and Zadig, dreading that some unhappy chance had disconcerted the arrangements of the portress, resolved to know the worst. Concealing the lantern within a fold of his cloak, he sprang into the chasm. All was silent. Throwing a gleam of light on the low, damp walls from side to side, he proceeded a few steps : the ground trembled beneath his feet ; a low, rumbling sound made him turn towards the entrance he had just quitted,—the rock had closed,—the drawbridge had risen. Instinctively the Moor clasped a stiletto with which he had provided himself, but spoke not. After a breathless pause, he proceeded to examine the door which had apparently entombed him in a sort of vault. It was made of iron plates, bolted to the exterior mass of stone ;—a heavy bar across it had fallen into strong staples on either side, and become immovable. Placing his back

against this mysterious obstruction to his exit, he threw the whole power of his lantern into the passage before him. It was tenantless; nor could he see an opening to the right or left of the few yards, that close atmosphere allowed the influence of his light to extend. This ready access to the passage and subsequent enclosure within its recesses, was perfectly inexplicable to Zadig; but, nothing appearing to oppose his ingress to the convent, he determined on proceeding, though his retreat seemed cut off, and the undertaking had assumed a character for which he was not prepared. Once more shading his lantern, he recommenced his noiseless progress through the passage. After a gradual descent of some few feet, the ground suddenly rising, he stumbled and fell; his lantern became extinguished by this accident, and at the same moment a scream sounded through the vaulted way. Zadig was in a moment on his feet. In that cry of distress he heard the voice of Beatrice; and, stretching out his arms on either side, he rapidly threaded the dark course before him.

The lay sister had been the unwitting cause of the young Moor's discomfiture. The chapel, which was often used as a place of penance till the midnight hour, happened that night to be without a penitent; and, as the time approached for the liberation of the Donna Beatrice, she could not restrain her impatience to try the keys which had at day-break been conveyed to her by Zadig. The originals of these were always hung in the apartment of the superior; and it was only as she attended that dignitary's inspection round the convent at night, when it was her office to bear them, that she had been enabled to take the impressions of their wards on a piece of taper softened for the purpose. One of the facsimiles thus obtained was to open a door beneath the stone pulpit of the chapel; the other loosed the cross-bar at the entrance to the grotto. Just before midnight the lay sister tried the former, and succeeded in moving the bolts of the lock; but with such difficulty that her faith was shaken in the models so surreptitiously procured. She was thus determined to try the

efficacy of the remaining key ere she kept her appointment with the Donna Beatrice. Passing rapidly through the subterraneous passage, she had the satisfaction of finding that the bar could be displaced : but, the spring by which it returned to its security being rusted, she did not replace it, fearing a further difficulty ; inadvertently forgetting, or not being aware, that the door would thus suddenly fall towards Zadig when he had removed the obstruction beneath ; a catastrophe which might have been fatal to him. Having returned the key to her girdle, the lay sister now pursued her way back to the chapel, and from thence to the dormitory of Beatrice. The bar which crossed the door of this cell was without a lock, and in a moment more the two fugitives had commenced their escape. Sister Agatha having provided herself with a lamp from one of the altars in the chapel, they were enabled to make great speed through the subterraneous passage. A hundred yards more, and they would have arrived at the grotto walls ; when, coming to a slight angle in their course, a sud-



den clash, and the fall of a heavy body, so acted on the overwrought nerves of Beatrice, that she screamed aloud, turned, and fled. The lay sister had nearly followed the Donna's example ; but, fortunately recollecting the probability of Zadig being already in the passage, she awaited a result which proved her conjecture to have been right. The Moor soon joined her, and together they went in pursuit of Beatrice, who had once more reached the vaults beneath the chapel.

Ranged on either side of the course she now swiftly trod, were the remains of perishing mortality,—a silent community of the coffined dead. Nuns who, during life, imagined they had found in the maceration and mortification of the flesh, a means of propitiating the Deity,—who had hated with a rancorous fervour, which they mistook for devotion, the hapless victims cast to their “ tender mercies” for yielding to the temptations which they had themselves fled from, not resisted,—here were divided but by a narrow path from the wretched beings whose hearts they had trampled on till death



had become a boon. In the darkness, Beatrice passed the steps which led to the chapel; and, coming suddenly against a transverse range of coffins, she felt the mouldering mass receding from her. Grasping around with the eagerness of one who is about to fall, her hand, shrinking from contact with a clammy face in its decay, became twined amid tangled hair, once closely shorn in that living tomb above, perchance from the brow of beauty weeping to behold her tresses fall, and now in mockery growing to deck her corse, when loveliness was forgotten in corruption. Beatrice became sick unto death, and fainted. On consciousness being restored, she found herself hurried along the vaulted passage in the arms of Zadig. Her head rested on his shoulder; and, tenderly supporting her, he was bearing her onwards, preceded by Sister Agatha, whose lamp enabled the Donna to perceive her situation. Was it a dream, or had she been recalled to life by the impassioned kisses of the Moor?

“Where is Zuma?” exclaimed the affrighted

girl, attempting to disengage herself from the arms of her supporter.

“Hush, Donna, hush ! thou art safe with me ! Zuma is ill : she awaits us at Jacinta’s cottage.”

Zadig, as he thus answered the wild inquiry of Beatrice, had released her from his arms, but would still have hurried her forward. The lay sister turned to await their approach. The light fell on the excited countenance of her conductor, and the Donna imagined that she beheld an air of triumph in the glance of his dark and dilated eyes as they rested on her.

“I will not proceed,” she exclaimed, “till I am satisfied that Zuma awaits me.”

“Dost thou doubt mine honour ?” bitterly asked the Moor. “Has the curse of slavery taken the stamp of honesty from my brow, and written villain there ? Oh ! it is only to save thee I answer that doubt, and swear by the rolling orbs that minister to our destiny—call on the eternal power that makes and mars

worlds in the infinity of space, and yet doth listen to the pledge of man to man,—as witness to my truth.”

“Forgive me, Zadig!” said Beatrice, “I am a poor, wretched girl, who knows not friends from enemies. I do indeed trust you;—take me to Zuma.”

“Yes, Donna!” replied the Moor, again supporting her as they advanced along the passage; “thou mayest trust me. Though my lip hath touched thy cheek, it hath not maddened me. I drank thine earliest sigh of re-animation, fragrant with the breath of heaven, from whence thy soul returned,—it was thy fitting refuge when this earth had sickened thee;—and can I work thee ill?”

“Thanks, Zadig, thanks! see—we are at the entrance;”—and Beatrice, who, though she no longer dreaded any specious design on the part of the Moor, was alarmed at his violent emotion, now rejoiced, not only in the immediate prospect of escape from the convent, but in being freed from the half-embrace of her liberator.

When the drawbridge had to Zadig’s sur-

prise resumed its upright position, it was occasioned by his having unconsciously pressed a trap-board, which acting on the easily-poised door, swung it into its place; by which movement also the bar had fallen within its staples. The lay sister now unlocked the spring of this heavy fastening, and once more the draw-bridge revolved. Cautioning the bewildered and agitated Moor to conduct his charge along the passage so as to prevent the door being again acted upon, the lay sister setting down her lamp, extinguished by the draught of the night air from the grotto, passed through the opening, and was speedily followed by her companions. As the Donna disengaged herself from Zadig's supporting arm, he seemed suddenly aroused to the necessity of controlling his feelings, and proceeded to raise the door and replace the rock. The light of the moon, which threw only a partial and wavering gleam into the grotto, ill assisted him in his task. It was at length completed, and immediate pursuit prevented from the quarter whence it would be the most likely of success;

as the gates of the convent opened exactly in an opposite direction.

Zadig had picketed two mules in the outer compartment of the grotto : with the respectful bearing of a servitor he now announced to Beatrice that they were in readiness, and he knelt to receive the foot of the Donna as she mounted one of the animals. The other he assigned to Agatha ; and, driving both the mules before him, the wayfarers spoke not till they had reached the high road to St. Ubes. Here, little to the satisfaction of Beatrice, it was intimated by the lay sister, that, in providing for her own immediate safety, it was necessary she should separate from her companions. To secure the attendance of this humble friend until she reached the goatherd's cottage, after all the grateful creature had already effected in her behalf, was too selfish a desire to find more than a moment's sojourn within the heart of Beatrice. She looked at Zadig, who was sternly regarding her, as though he read the doubts and fears with which the forlorn girl was agitated.

“ We are to proceed alone to Zuma,” then she faltered out, after a pause in which her distress and alarm were evident.

“ To Zuma, Donna,—thy bondswoman,—the sister of the Moor Zadig,” haughtily replied her conductor; “ unless it pleases the Donna Beatrice that we should remain here till her flight be discovered, when it is possible our destination will not be of our own choosing.”

“ Once more forgive me, Zadig,” said Beatrice, hurriedly shrinking from the fiery glance of the Moor’s eyes, which at the moment seemed rather to give light than to glisten in the moon-beams. “ I know not which would be most terrible,” thought she, “ his hate or his love,” hastening to take the diamond setting of a miniature from her bosom: “ Break that in twain for me, Zadig; and give half to the good Agatha, with the blessing of the hapless creature whom she has rescued from yon prison.”

Here she affectionately embraced the lay sister, who, receiving a portion of the gems which had once encircled a portrait of Sebas-



tian, proceeded on her route to St. Ubes, whence, by the aid of a relative residing there, she meant to transport herself to a distant province.

“ Now, Zadig, we will go to *Zuma*,” said Beatrice, laying an emphasis on the name of his sister; and, putting her mule to a fast walk, she watched the gloomy countenance of the Moor as he strode moodily by her side. After pursuing their way some time in silence, she again ventured to address her conductor, whose agonised feelings she would willingly have soothed.

“ I have not thanked you yet, Zadig. Believe me grateful for the part you have acted in my liberation.”

“ Thou dost dread me too much to feel aught but fear, Donna,” answered the Moor, turning a look of calm despairing reproach on the fair being whose cheek paled beneath his gaze. “ Thy gratitude is, that I have not injured thee, — thy hope is, that after this night thou mayst see me no more; yet there is a mingling in our paths which thou canst not



control. I know thy horoscope, Donna; I have asked the stars, and they have answered me:—the science which I have ere now told thee of, is not an idle fable; the high vault of heaven is to me one mighty page written in characters of fire. The moment of thy nativity I learnt: whole nights have I with anxious toil unravelled the mingled tissues of thy destiny,—the light from the dark, the evil from the good. How have I blest the holy intelligences when thy star has been in the ascendant; and like the lion of the forest, who grinds and shakes the iron toils that hold his mate, but cannot set her free, how have I wrestled with the adverse conjunctions of the planets threatening thee ill!—worked over and over again their heavenward course,—forsworn my art,—dashed my tablets to the earth, then stamped on them with rage;—but every fragment of thy horoscope would look upon me as if possessed of eyes to fascinate! Once more have I gathered up each separate portion of my task, re-worked each calculation, and when through the evil influences

thy star has again ascended, promising future years of peace and happiness,—for such shall gently conduct thee to the house of death, after the sorrows of thy youth have passed,—this was my recompense !”

Zadig’s voice had risen in vehemence of intonation, till Beatrice looked round her with undisguised alarm, fearful that, even early as was the hour of the morning, some passing traveller’s attention might be drawn towards them : and the Moor, perceiving her distress, continued the wild outpourings of his wayward fancies in that low deep tone which seems to speak directly to the heart, rather than ask the office of the ear.

“ Fear not, Donna : there is an escape, which shall be speedily effected ;—there is a voyage — much trouble — danger — blood ! Our paths mingle : oh ! that they might join for ever.” And here, in the long impassioned gaze with which he regarded Beatrice, the astrologian seemed to have forgotten his divination of the future, except that in the bright hazel eyes before him he read his fate. Dis-

tress was certainly more strongly written in the answering look of Beatrice than anger ; but the slight elevation of her brows bespoke a proud annoyance, which, though tempered by gratitude and compassion, was sufficiently apparent to confirm Zadig's deep despair ; and this, acted upon by the mysterious theories in which he had from boyhood indulged, now racked his brain on the verge of insanity.

“ There is a sign of love between thine and mine,” moodily murmured the fatalist ; “ but not between thee and me. There are stars that shall set in blood ; but there shall be peace to thee, Donna. Fear not, I will not wrong thee : were thy father here in the body, as now his spirit watches by the daughter of his love, thou couldst not have a truer guardianship than Zadig the Moor devotes to thee. Yes ! soul of the departed !—Thou who hast found the secret of immortality in the tomb !—thou who from perishing matter hast gone forth in spirit !—Let each hell of all

the myriad creeds of man, be searched to find a torture for my recompense, if I in word or deed do wrong thy daughter !”

The wayfarers were at this moment passing through a dark gorge of the road, where the overhanging crag and rock in a tangled thicket of rank foliage, almost met above their heads ; but at a little distance the path widened, and the grey mists of day-break, here blending with the pale moonlight, cast an almost supernatural atmosphere around the dim landscape. Zadig had extended his arms in this direction, and the eyes of the excited girl insensibly followed his eager gaze into the expanse before them. Was it, indeed, a beatified spirit which in answer to the apostrophe of the Moor seemed to beckon them ? The mule dashed aside, startled by the scream of its rider, who fell into the arms of her companion.

“ What didst thou see, Zadig ? ”

“ Nothing, Donna, nothing, ”—hastily answered the Moor, fearing a repetition of the fainting in the vaults of the chapel, and

roused to self-possession by the alarm—" I saw nothing but the wreathing mists of the morning: I have been wrong, very wrong ;—my wild converse has unnerved thee. See ! we are not a quarter of a mile from the goatherd's cottage, where Zuma is expecting us !"

Beatrice allowed herself to be reseated on the mule, and they now entered on the wider portion of the road. Her anxious glance around, evidently showed that Zadig's assurances were not satisfactory ; but nothing moved in that still landscape except Jacinta's goats browsing on the summit of a hill, ascending which they beheld their destination. Zadig pointed the cottage out to his companion, but spoke not : and in a few minutes Beatrice was clasped to the heart of Zuma, who found in the safety and presence of her friend the best remedy for the slight fever sorrow and anxiety had induced.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE VOYAGE.

SHORTLY after Zadig's return to the goat-herd's cottage, it became Zuma's task to acquaint him that Beatrice was the betrothed of the stranger he had once seen at the Quinta ; and to place herself under the protection of this Fidalgo, even in Africa, whither it was represented he had sailed in attendance on Sebastian, Zadig then, for the first time, learned was the Donna's intention.

“ And I accompany her,” said Zuma, shrinking from her brother's searching look of suspicion, as he hung over her couch in the little apartment where Beatrice had left them in deep conference.

“ As *her* companion, or to seek the Marquis Christovao ? ” sternly demanded the Moor.  
“ Unhappy girl ! thou canst not answer. To



tread the land he treads,—to breathe the clime he breathes, thou wouldst peril much. But is he not in Barbary? Art thou not the daughter of Zadig Beni Rashid, the noble Berēber?—and shalt thou seek the proud, imperious Montoyo, and ask to be his leman?”

“Spare me, Zadig; I am weak,—ill,—and cannot bear your reproaches. Neither Beatrice nor myself go to Africa without you: I am to ask your protection. The remainder of the diamonds belonging to the Donna you are to dispose of; we have other monies too.”—(She referred to the supply received from Christovao for her own expenses to Barbary.)—“You must secure us a passage as pages wishing to join the retinue of the Marquis de Montoyo:—we need not seek him when we have reached Arzilla, where the royal army makes its rendezvous;—it is only to excuse our voyage to Africa should any be curious to inquire.”

“Then I am, indeed, to convey the Donna Beatrice to the arms of another! I knew this sacrifice was to be demanded of me: I felt it from the first, though it was concealed,”—



moodily remarked Zadig. “ Sister, dost think I would have shrunk from aiding her escape had I heard this before? Thou knowest not thy brother ! The fate that is allotted us shall be worked out. It pleases me that our path will be in Barbary : it is our native land, the land of our sires, though distracted by factions and by wars :—factions which convulse an empire, that at length one man may be lifted above his fellows ; — wars that shall slay thousands, that one man may be proclaimed conqueror ! What boots the question which tyrant shall grind the Moor ?— Muley Hamet or Muley Moloch, it can matter little. Farewell, my sister ! the bidding of the Donna Beatrice shall be performed. The Senhor Camoens, as thou knowest, has enfranchised me : he will not question why in willing bonds I have become the slave of one who is my destiny.”

Zadig was right in his conjecture that the bard would not oppose his departure. Sufficiently admitted into his confidence to understand that he was to protect the Donna Beatrice to her betrothed in Africa, Camoens

bade him forget the ties that once bound them, till a time should come when he had fulfilled his mission.

“Then,” said the bard, “return to me;—let me hear from thy lips the triumph of Sebastian. To thee will I bequeath the last song of Camoens;—and when I am dead shalt thou show this ungrateful land, that dying I rejoiced in the glory of my country!”

After parting from his master, Zadig devoted himself to the task before him. The second day from the escape of Beatrice he secured accommodation in a bark about to sail for Arzilla; nor did he neglect to ascertain if any sensation had been produced in the neighbourhood of the convent, by the disappearance of a penitent and lay sister. He visited St. Ubes, and had the satisfaction of learning that no mention had been made, so far as he could discover, of a circumstance which, if known, would be greatly to the discredit of the establishment; and which, doubtless for that reason, was concealed from the public, whatever other steps might have been taken for the

discovery of the two fugitives: at St. Ubes Zadig, as well, ascertained the speedy and safe departure of Agatha. Dresses were easily procured for Beatrice and his sister, giving them the appearance of young pages belonging to some nobleman's retinue; and on the fourth day, Zuma being sufficiently recovered, the three voyagers entered the vessel which was to convey them to Africa: the wind being favourable, they sailed a few hours after their embarkation.

The weather continued propitious, and Zadig treasured the flying hours that remained to him with a miser's care. His was a fierce happiness, to which despair seemed to give a keener zest: he heard the soft voice of Beatrice calling him by name, thanking him for the services he had rendered her;—she even smiled on him, and playfully combated his wild philosophy; or, seated on the deck by Zuma, she listened to the young Moor's mystic theories, and, as the starry heavens above shone in the blue ether of night, would ask him to name the planets and their allotted influences. To

be permitted this unreserved communion with the Donna Beatrice, he had silenced the almost frenzied expression of his attachment, which had before so distressed and alarmed her ; and there seemed a tacit understanding that his love, should in their now constant intercourse, be consigned to oblivion, as if it had never been declared — never existed. Could that voyage have lasted for a life of ages, Zadig fancied he would have been content thus to live. It was an idle but a happy dream. He could gaze on that form of beauty, the strange disguise which bound him in the confidence of Beatrice casting a greater charm around her : he could feel that she was near him ; that, among the crowd of servitors and camp followers in the vessel, she looked to him alone for a protection which none could dispute his right to give. But in a few days he must resign this claim ; his task would be fulfilled : the Senhor Abrantes, her betrothed, would be her protector, — and Zadig must for ever depart from her presence.

We have attempted to analyze the over-

wrought feelings of the Moor, which, controlled by his passionate devotion to Beatrice,—(even the power that raised, now ruling the storm,)—allowed of his proving a useful auxiliary to the Senhoras. The night before they contemplated reaching Arzilla, the voyagers had remained on deck till an unusually late hour. Little had been spoken that evening, for all were busily engaged with those silent communings of the heart which ask no counsellor. The nature of Zadig's musings need not be further described. The loose folds of the scarlet tunic, which, confined at the waist by a black leathern belt, was his usual costume, thrown open at the neck, showed his finely formed throat; and here, as his head rested against the bulwarks of the vessel, the deep workings of suppressed emotion might be traced. The Moor watched the eyes of Beatrice directed towards the distant, dim horizon, where, on the morrow, the looked-for land would appear. She almost hoped that the royal army had not yet reached its destination, as time would then be afforded her to

arrange some method of communicating with Sebastian without exposing the connection which existed between them : though confident of his affection, she could not but feel that she was putting it to a severe test in claiming his protection at such a moment.

Sebastian had espoused the hollow fantasy Fame, ere he beheld Beatrice de Montoyo : again he returned a willing votary in her gorgeous train. The glory of conquest,—the chivalrous desire to award the crown of Morocco to its rightful claimant, and, if it may so please him, make Muley Hamet hold it but as the vassal of Portugal,—the laudatory gratulations of princes, priests, and politicians, granting to success the praise they deny to enterprise ; —such are now his visions of the future,” thought Beatrice, who was well acquainted with her royal husband’s every hope and fear respecting the expedition. “ Can I break in on these contemplations ;—burden him with my presence in the midst of warlike preparations which are to lead to such glorious results, and not be considered an intruder ?” The



bride of Sebastian was anxiously putting the question to her shrinking heart, "Will he love me still?"

Zuma had more reason to dread her meeting with Christovao, than to look forward to it with the delight her devoted attachment might have induced, had not Beatrice been her companion; and her misgivings at the approach of that meeting were proportionally painful. Her affection for Beatrice had led her to thwart the purpose of her lover, and the unhappy girl silently wept as she contemplated the continued system of deceit in which she was involved. "Oh! when shall I know rest?" she murmured, pressing her hands to her temples, which throbbed with excitement.

At this moment a hurried movement of the watch on deck to take in sail, indicated that the experienced eye of the master of the bark saw peril in the sudden rising of the sea; though but one solitary cloud was visible in the expanse of heaven, and that was white as the yeasty foam now curling on the waves. Quickly as the captain's orders were obeyed,



the white squall was on them ere the vessel was in sufficient command. In an instant the canvass flapped on the masts, and the crash of falling spars and rigging drove Beatrice and Zuma from the deck: every hand was now required to clear the wreck, and they disgraced their assumed manhood by assigning illness as the cause of their non-attendance to this call. The Senhoras passed the night in fervent prayers for the intercession of the saints; while Zadig readily lent his aid in the exigencies of the ship, which, after having been thrown on her beam-ends, suddenly righted, with loss of her rudder, and other serious damage. The sky became overclouded; the wind had changed, a frequent result after these squalls; and ere morning the bark, driven from her course, grounded on a reef of rocks at the mouth of the Sahel, a river to the south-west of Arzilla, on the coast of Barbary; and her boats had only time to remove the affrighted passengers, with the lighter stores, ere she went to pieces.

The part of the coast where our voyagers were cast was but thinly inhabited, and they landed

in sufficient strength to protect themselves from the attacks of the native Moors. Unfortunately, none of the party possessed sufficient experience of the country to arrange their progress towards Arzilla; nor was there one among them who held an authority over the rest, enabling him to direct their counsels for that purpose. After some delay, an ill-constructed caravan was formed, with the intention of proceeding along the plains to their destination. A few wretched horses and one solitary camel were the only animals of burden to be procured; the greater portion of such desiderata in the advance of an army having been appropriated by Sebastian's forces, which had commenced their march into the interior;—a piece of information the demand for animals of burden elicited from the natives.

Zadig had secured two barbs for the use of Beatrice and his sister, much to the displeasure of the captain late in command of the bark, who wished to appropriate them to the conveyance of such portion of his stores as had been saved. This occasioned a dispute, the

issue of which was, that Zadig, whose part an old Berēber had espoused, feared to proceed with the rest of the shipwrecked party, lest the Senhoras might be deprived of their horses by the force of numbers. The probability of such an occurrence if they kept with the caravan, and the fact of Sebastian having left Arzilla, determined our adventurers to separate themselves from the others; and accepting the assistance of a guide, the aged man before-mentioned, who offered to accompany them, they took an inland and somewhat oblique direction in the hope of intercepting the royal army, then not supposed to have advanced many leagues.

The alarming termination of their voyage had not materially affected the health of the disguised damsels. Thankful for their escape from the dangers of the sea, they resolutely commenced their land journey an hour before dawn on the second day after the shipwreck. Zadig, who had armed himself with the native weapons, and once more assumed the turban, which, since his captivity, he had laid aside,

looked no longer a stranger in the land of his fathers. The staff of his lance was shortened to a convenient length for a pedestrian; and his scimitar hung to his girdle, where he wore a plainly mounted dagger, or rather long knife, an effective weapon at close quarters.

Beatrice and Zuma had each a short, straight sword, which it is to be feared they lacked courage to draw; and their disguise was well chosen to escape observation. The Donna Beatrice wore a tunic and vest of sombre grey, confined at the waist by a black belt ornamented with silver. Her neck was protected from the scorching heat of the sun's rays by a deep ruff; and, while the shade of a "sombrero" concealed her features, the ample cloak folded around her, nearly hid the delicately turned limbs, which seemed to shrink from exposure in the dark hose and buskin that completed her costume. The fashion of Zuma's garb did not materially differ from her companion's; but the vesture of the Moorish girl was in colour of the deepest crimson;

and her short cloak, descending little below her waist, did not so well hide her symmetry of form. Both *Senhoras* were excellent horsewomen, having been, as children, taught to ride; and, *Zadig* proposing not to task their strength beyond a short daily journey, they braved the fatigue before them without repining.

Their guide was a mountaineer, but he seemed accustomed to the plains, and managed his barb, which, as well as its master, bore the marks of age, with a nervous arm, where, as in each other limb left bare by the scanty folds of his dress, the anatomy of bone and muscle was painfully distinct. A sandal of undressed hide covered his feet, and these were thrust into the sharp stirrup used in common by Moors and Portuguese; while a small white turban surmounted features where the quick, dark eye that illumined them alone told of vitality, — the tightly drawn skin scarcely confining the bones of the cheek, and his whole visage forcibly reminding the beholder of a fleshless skull.

The party rested during the meridian heat beneath a solitary group of palm-trees, which,

though peculiarly belonging to the scene around, looked like strangers in a desert land where all else was barren : these waved their long leaves over the fountain they shaded, as if to cool the waters for the thirsty traveller in whose behalf some pious Mussulman, in years gone by, had gathered together the bubblings of that spring. Little conversation had passed between the wayfarers generally during the morning: the guide, who called himself Abdallah, kept a little a-head of the Senhoras ; and Zadig, walking musingly in the rear of the party, had only occasionally joined Beatrice and Zuma when they allowed him to overtake them, that they might ask some question relative to their journey.

Now the frugal viands which they had brought from the Arab village were spread on the long grass by the fountain ; and the friends communicated freely their thoughts to each other as to the scene around them, the chances of their gaining the caravansary which had been described to them by their guide, before nightfall, and other topics that did not entrench on the painful reflections which had



belonged to the silence of the morning. Abdallah sat apart, nor could he be induced to partake of their repast. His reply to their solicitations was quaintly, "The servant should not eat with the master. Thou hast to give me gold for my services, and I eat alone. Allah be praised ! the old man's wants are few."

As if literally to exemplify how little he required in the article of sustenance, he made his solitary meal off a few dates and a cup of water : even of the latter he was sparing, except in his purification before and after eating. His horse, which he had picketed by his side to graze on such herbage as the animal could find, seemed chiefly to occupy his attention : he spoke endearingly, and the faithful beast bowed his head to his master's hand, looking inquiringly into the thin face of the old man as though he really understood all that was said to him. Occasionally Abdallah would take a cautious glance at the travellers, but, if eye met his, the communication with his steed was renewed ; till at length he drew from



his breast a string of beads, and, after counting them for the third of an hour with all the genuflexions of prayer, he resigned himself to apparent slumber.

“ I like not yon guide,” whispered Zadig to his anxious and alarmed listeners. “ He eats not salt with us ; he breaks not bread with us : would that we had kept with the caravan ! The toil of walking, even had it been allotted to you both, would have been better than our present danger of being betrayed.”

“ Oh ! say not so, Zadig !” answered Beatrice ; “ you have done what appeared best to us all. The saints be our safety ! Surely, because the old man would eat alone, he must not necessarily betray. Why alarm us without cause ?”

“ Dearest sister,” interrupted Zuma, “ Zadig is right. There is more meaning in the refusal of our guide to eat with us than you, in ignorance of the customs of this land, perceive. My brother has often told me that the Berēber will not eat bread and salt with the man he has determined to wrong.”

“ Believe me, Donna, I would not willingly alarm you,” resumed Zadig; “ but, if aught occurs to prove my suspicions right, you have provision, and shall have skins of water on your horses. Should we meet danger, promise me that you will fly : keep your face towards the setting sun, and you are sure to reach Arzilla. I will do all one arm can effect to cover your flight. Nay, speak not ! — I see you would ask me to fly with you. This *may* be ; but, if not, I commend Zuma to your care. Be to her as you have ever been : if I am to fall, why should I repine at my destiny ? ”

Zuma spoke not but by her tears. She was devotedly attached to her brother, though early captivity had divided them. Long had she looked on him as one who might not be permitted to live for her comfort and protection. To all, the young Moor appeared as a doomed man, who seemed rather inquiring how he should die, than his fortune in life ; but to Zuma, who knew the romantic and despairing attachment he had formed for her friend, the gloom which hung around him was too clearly

interpreted: even now she felt assured that Zadig contemplated, in the event of attack, devoting himself to death for the safety of Beatrice. The Moorish girl doubted not that he would generously have risked as much for her individual safety; but his every thought was centred in the object of his maddening love. The tears of the Donna Beatrice showed that she deeply sympathized with Zuma in her forebodings; and these young creatures, at the moment, forgot their own danger should the guide prove unfaithful, in the peril which might await their protector: while Zuma wept for the sorrows and despairing recklessness of a brother, it would have been strange, indeed, if the heart of Beatrice had not ached to its inmost core at the misery she had unwittingly caused; and gratefully did she estimate Zadig's devotion to her service.

“It looks ill for the gallant servitors of a noble Portuguese to be seen weeping,” said the Moor, faintly smiling in an attempt to cheer his companions. “After all I may prove mistaken, and you bigot Mussulman be some

ascetic wretch who eats but with believers in his narrow creed. He may yet be true to us: — and see ! the sun has long passed its zenith ; we will awaken him, and proceed on our journey.

Without waiting to be aroused, the guide sprang on his feet as Zadig approached him.

“ I would ask thee to ride in thy turn,” said the Berēber coldly, “ but I am aged and thou art young. Allah is good, and gives the horse not only as our companion in the battle and the chase, but to aid the old man as he seeks his grave in the Desert.”

“ Thy strength is of life, though thou lookest as if death had already claimed thee, Abdallah,” rejoined the young Moor. “ But I have a warning for thee ! — if thou carest to live, be faithful !”

This was said emphatically, but elicited no answer from the guide, who silently mounted his horse ; and, the barbs of the Senhoras having been brought them by Zadig, the whole party resumed their journey. Little variety of scenery had offered itself to their notice

since they left the coast. The same sandy barren plain, with here and there a patch of verdure around the white-domed tomb of some augur (or saint) in the distance, had continued throughout the morning: and sign of life saw they none, save the ostrich as he skimmed the earth in his awkward flight from their approach; or the pelican screaming over her brood, as if to warn them that a stranger was at hand. On commencing their route, Zadig had taken his position immediately behind their guide, and watchfully did he regard every movement of the Berēber, particularly as the hitherto unbroken ground now assumed a different aspect; and the eye could no longer survey miles of country at a glance, in assurance that they were the only wayfarers on the desert plain.

The travellers had just entered a path between two hills, belonging to a small chain of mimic mountains formed by the shifting of the loose soil in the blast of the sirocco, when a small party of Bedouins at full speed wheeled into the track, and uttering one wild halloo, either of surprise or recognition, dashed on

their prey. Whether Abdallah had expected this attack, was not then to be determined; but that he had no intention to resist the horsemen was but too evident. He darted his long lance into the earth, flung away his scimitar, and, tossing his arms on high, halted to receive them.

“Fly! fly!” exclaimed Zadig; and quickly the Senhoras turned their horses and fled.

“Traitor! to the ground with thee!” shouted the Moor, as he grasped the girdle of the guide, and hurled him from his saddle. In another instant he had mounted the horse of the fallen man and winged his lance at the coming foe, whose intention he little doubted, for “in the Desert each stranger is an enemy.” Harmlessly had the shaft sped; and, ere Zadig’s scimitar had sprung from its sheath, a shower of lances were in the air.

“*Howel! Howel!*” cried the aged Berēber, who had lain as if stunned by his fall. He spoke to his horse, and, obedient to the voice of his master, the animal crouched to the earth; and Zadig, wounded by a lance which had



broken in his shoulder, rolled heavily on the guide.

“Die, traitor, — die!” The Moor, mindless of his hurt, grasped Abdallah by the throat with one hand, while with the other he plunged a knife into the old man’s side.

“Thou sheddest the blood of thy father’s brother!” calmly enunciated the guide, dispassionately regarding Zadig, who, ere he could give a second thrust, had been pinioned by two dismounted Arabs.

“Harm him not, he is my kinsman!” — then, raising his voice, he cried, “After the Christian boys! Take or slay them! What had the son of my brother to do with these cubs of Christian wolves?”

The termination of this sentence was addressed to Zadig, who, his arms secured by a cord, his wound yet rankling from the lance which remained in it, and maddened by the fate which threatened the fugitives, poured forth imprecations on his newly-found relative.

“Thou art a liar! — arch-traitor, I know thee not. Wert thou ten times mine uncle, I curse thee for this deed!”



“ I have done nothing,” replied Abdallah, “ Allah be my judge ! I knew not the horsemen would be on us.”

“ Then save the Christians, and I will call thee uncle, — love thee as a son, — bless thee as a benefactor, — serve thee as a slave !” exclaimed Zadig.

“ And yet thy dagger drank my blood !” musingly rejoined the guide, as he watched the crimson stream flowing from his arm and side. — The knife had glanced from one to the other, doing but little injury, though there was a continued effusion from the wounds.

“ Wilt thou save the Christians ?” again impatiently asked Zadig.

“ They are the spoil of their captors,” replied Abdallah, pointing to several Arabs who had returned to the wounded men, but without the Senhoras.

“ The Christian dogs are on their way over yonder plains with Achmet and Osman,” answered one of the horsemen : “ they will be taken to Muley Moloch’s camp.”

“ There then will I follow them !” in a burst of uncontrollable emotion responded Zadig.

“ Not so, my son, — not so :” — and the old man turned to the Bedouins. “ Leave us, my friends, — we are kinsmen. Go thou on thy course, and Allah be thy speed !”

“ To let him slay thee, father !” replied the Arab, who seemed to command the party, pointing to their prisoner.

“ Shall I answer for thee, Zadig, that thou wilt not harm me ?”

“ If thou swearest that thou goest with me to Moloch’s camp,” doggedly replied the young Moor.

“ Be it so, even as thou sayest,” — and the guide cut the bonds of his captive, who in a moment dashed forward, and, mounting a steep bank, gazed wildly round him. Far as his eye could reach, was a small cloud of dust.

“ Behold thy Christian friends, Zadig !” said Abdallah, who had followed him. The young Moor heard him not ; he plucked the lance from his wound, and rolled on the earth in agony of spirit.

## CHAPTER XV.

## A LETTER.

SEBASTIAN quitted the Tagus with nearly a thousand sail, — vessels of war and transports. After anchoring for a few hours in the Bay of Lagos, on the coast of the Algarves, to receive the Alemtejo contingents, he weighed anchor for Cadiz, where, making a quick passage, he safely arrived. Though received by the Duke de Medina-Sidonia, governor of that city, with all the honours due to his exalted station, so completely absorbed were the thoughts of the Portuguese monarch in his African enterprise, that he landed but once during his eight days' sojourn in the harbour, and then only for the purpose of hearing high mass. His scrupulous seclusion on board the royal galley might be further accounted for,

as occasioned by Medina-Sidonia's unceasing endeavours to fulfil certain instructions received from Philip of Spain ; — commanding him to embrace every opportunity of urging Sebastian to abandon the expedition, — a pertinacity particularly annoying to the young King, who only awaited the promised Spanish auxiliaries to sail for Tangiers. At no period since the developement of his darling project had he shown himself more determined to persevere in his desperate undertaking. The army was now fast gathering round him which was to decide the destinies of Fez and Morocco. These vast kingdoms were to be brought within the pale of the church of Rome by a glorious career of conquest, which, in all the brilliant colouring of a phantasmagoria, illumed a future where the possibility of defeat was not for a moment allowed to cloud the scene. That the King of Portugal contemplated being crowned Emperor of the Moors, cannot be doubted ; as not only had he embarked a principal portion of his regalia, but he had actually taken with him a master of the ceremonies,

experienced in courtly pageants, to conduct his coronation at Fez with due solemnity. The conquest of the Moorish empire thus secured, to the glory of Lusitania and advancement of the "true faith," Sebastian purposed appointing Muley Hamet to the viceroyalty,—provided that prince consented to become a Christian;—and the arbiter of the destinies of Barbary might then return to the government of his hereditary dominions, having added two crowns to the throne of Portugal, and opened the way of salvation to millions of a benighted race.

Such were the young King's day-dreams in the Bay of Cadiz; his tender recollections of the Donna Beatrice strangely mingling with his sterner resolves. He staked her happiness but in the general hazard of crown and kingdom, with the lives of princes, nobles, and peasants:—though loving her with the same ardour which marked his character in all its features, he gloried in the sacrifice he had made; and, quitting his newly-wedded bride, remembered her blandishments but as fresh incentives to the speedy fulfilment of his self-appointed

crusade. The following letter of this chivalrous monarch may be acceptable to the reader ; for, as yet, he who has given a name to our story has spoken but little in its details. Let it plead our excuse, that Sebastian might fairly have taken unto himself the motto, “ Deeds, not words.”

“ To Beatrice, the beloved of Abrantes, by his messenger Nicolao. — In great sorrow for the anxieties my long silence must have caused, I write thee, queen of my affections ; but even now with caution, lest my epistle may not reach thee. When with the King—whom may the saints guide!—I lay for several days in the Tagus, I would have given years of existence from my allotted span, to have communicated with thee ; but see thee I could not, for reasons I will not now propound :—but I partook of our King’s resolution not to disembark after the consecration of the Holy Banner,—which Heaven lead to victory ! To write thee was my only resource, nor was I unmindful of the grateful task ; but Nicolao, who should

have borne the ardent assurances of my unaltered love, was not on board the galley until the hour of sailing; nor came he to me till the shore was fast fading in the distance. Again, when in the Algarves, he did absent himself after the same manner. A wilful servant this, who, holding his master's secret, doth dare his anger; — but, when I reprimand his faults, he doth humbly promise the like shall not occur again. Now, to ask my Beatrice if her prayers are constant to the saints for her Abrantes. There are here goodly ships crowded to their bulwarks by valiant men and vast munitions of war, while all hearts beat high with hope of conquest: but in the Cross must be our strength; and be thy intercession, Beatrice, for one who, when that Cross shall triumph o'er the Crescent,—returning, twines the myrtle of thy bower with his laurels, and shares the crown with thee!—Dost understand me,—conqueror of a heart which thou alone hast taught to love? Thy brother ever seeks to do me pleasure:—we have but one mind; and he doth bravely oppose those who would advise that I



should quit this expedition, whose wearying solicitations vex me much. It is most evident to me that Christovao dreams not even of our love. The hope he entertained has failed him, for he cares not to keep thee in my mind, and speaks not of thee. Still will I act to him a brother's part: my heart is open to him, and I have much faith in his truth. Nicolao, though twice a truant, bears you this. He pleads his love for a dark-eyed daughter of Lisboa, as the cause that he did forsake me in my need. I did remind him that his absence in the Bay of Largos did again prevent my writing: he looked abashed, and said he had another whom he loved in the Algarves. I have no love but thee, my Beatrice! Had I met thee earlier, the glorious destiny which now awaits me had not been mine, — but thou hadst made a life of peace a paradise on earth! Even now, a thought of thee doth make my soul leap over the months that may divide us, — their glorious purpose, proud excitements, holy triumphs, all forgot in picturing the rapture of our meeting, never more to part! 'Tis

well the clarions from our crowded barks now hail the rising sun ; while from the shore the early matin-bell calls the adorer to a hundred shrines. Prayer, the soul's incense, mounts to Heaven for our success, — the spreading of the kingdom of the Cross ! I am reminded that my love of thee should only urge me to perform my vow, — and then to claim my recompence. Beatrice, my beloved, thine own Abrantes bows his heart to thee ! The saints give thee years of happiness, and to me, the bliss of sharing them with thee !

“ Farewell ! ”

Such was the epistle of Sebastian to Beatrice. Nicolao, after a long voyage to Lisbon had the mortification of finding that the Quinta was deserted by all save the steward, José, who, as we are already aware, could give little information as to the movements of his master's family : he at length bethought him of applying to Padré Chavès, and lost no time in seeking the abode of this quondam confessor of the Quinta Montoyo.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## AN EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHER.

IT was evening when Nicolao arrived at Padré Chavès' dwelling, and this had been a fête day with the jovial priest: Marguerita was on a shopping excursion in the good city of Lisbon, which had detained her from home since the morning. Evening had arrived,—but not Senhora Marguerita. It was, as we said before, a gala day with our old acquaintance; he was entertaining the being he most esteemed in the world,—he was, in fact, entertaining himself.

“Walk up, Nicolao, my son!” exclaimed the Padré, appearing at the top of the landing-place before the door of his sanctum, from which elysium of bottles he had advanced on hearing the well-known voice of the servitor

inquiring for him. "Walk up, my friend ;— 'the more welcome for being the less expected.' — Thou mayest breathe the fresh air outside the door, Antoine," — benignly suggested the churchman to his attendant over the shoulder of Nicolao, whom he was embracing with much ardour ; — "and mind, boy, tell me when thou seest my niece coming. It will be a satisfaction for me to know that she is at hand :—a worthy woman is Marguerita," said the priest, turning a very serious face to Nicolao after he had preceded him into the room.

"And buxom withal," rejoined the saucy servitor with a roguish look.

"I said not that she was ugly, my son ; but we need not discuss the subject. Sit thee down ; thou art welcome to my laboratory !"

Nicolao did as he was desired to do, and certainly a very strange alteration had taken place in his friend's apartment. The two corner cupboards, which were usually closed, and when opened might perhaps be seen to contain a small skin of wine in a lower compartment, with a few flasks and jugs on the more elevated

shelves, now appeared crowded with the oddest assortment of vessels in stone, glass,—ay, even metal,—and it might be that vegetable matter was not wanting: indeed, anything that could take on itself the fashion of a bottle seemed to have a right to a place in that congress of choice spirits. Every form of flask had a representative, from the calabash that first tempted the patriarch Noah to drunkenness, down to the modern crystal, the manufacture of which had made famous the Venetian village Murano. Thus much for the cupboards, or rather bottle-boards, which with open doors graced the two corners of the room on either side the window. The table had a small detachment from each of these depôts marshalled before the *Padré's* easy-chair, to which that sage philosopher had betaken himself with a gravity that was more amusing than edifying to his wondering guest. Divers sheets of paper, where ink and wine stains appeared curiously blended, lay at his right hand; while a dish, containing a loaf of bread, and a few goat-milk cheeses about the size of a pattypan,

the whole garnished with a scattering of well-worn pens, completed the arrangements. For a few moments Nicolao sat in perfect silence, now admiringly regarding the strange gallimaufry around him, and now whimsically peering into the serious countenance of the Padre Chavès, who attempted not to resolve the mysteries of his laboratory.

“ May I ask the cause of so much grave preparation, — of such a gathering of flasks, flagons, bottles, and demijons ?” at length inquired the servitor with an affected air of solemnity.

“ Thou mayest, my son,” answered the Padre: “ what I do is not to be concealed ; it is for the benefit of all. I have a great purpose in hand, Nicolao. — But first tell me how and why thou hast come back from the wars ?”

“ Thou hast replied to my question by putting to me another, and thus will I in return answer thee, Padre,” said Nicolao: “ my call on thee this evening is to ask what has become of the Senhora Juana de Saltero and the two Donnas, who, according to that worthy lady’s showing, were too fortunate in possessing so

experienced a Duenna, to instruct them in morality, embroidery, and all other female accomplishments. If thou must learn why I am once more in these parts, be it known to thee, my master has sent me from Cadiz to pick up court gossip; and the abandonment of the Quinta de Montoyo to empty silence, under the superintendence of old José, is about as wonderful as thy leaden gravity behind that phalanx of bottles. Thou didst once laugh over thy cups, but now thou dost look as though thou wert essayer of vinegar to some mad Hannibal who sought a solvent for the mountains in the moon. Is there aught good in those queer, tall, short, round, square, pot-bellied, and crane-necked vessels; or are they receptacles for verjuice, or repositories of poison?"

"Thy last suggestion is right, my friend," replied the priest, his profound expression of countenance not in the least disturbed, and filling a cup to the brim from a sort of case-bottle before him. "Poisons these are, most dangerous in their nature; — ay, thou mayest start: still I offer this draught to thee, that



thou mayest bear witness to its properties. It is a serious responsibility, Nicolao, my son," continued the Padre with maudlin gravity, "to be obliged to test these matters alone, and trust only to mine own palate. I have been a martyr to the cause already, and I am naturally anxious to share the burden. Thou needest not fear that the effect will be sudden: this is the vinous poison called Cyprus; it is of foreign growth, is sweet, rather thick, and with Tokay and Lepari, being made from the grape allowed partially to dry ere it is plucked, much resembles the *vina cocta* of the ancients; a tradition of which exists, that it was so dense as sometimes to be cut with a knife. I take it, Nicolao, the poison is more subtle in the present fluid state!"

"Rather too sweet for my drinking," remarked the servitor, who, however, emptied the cup immediately he heard its contents to be of a safe character. "I see thou art still engaged in the study thou didst commence with the fifty pieces. Whence came thy new resources? Thou hast been marrying by proxy again, I

warrant. Well, never trouble thyself to tell me : — all I ask is, what hast thou done with the Montoyos ?”

“ Nicolao,” sedately replied the Padré, “ the Marquis moved his family from the Quinta without deigning to make mention of the matter to their confessor. The cause of their sudden departure I know not : I have washed my hands of them, and beg that the name of Montoyo may not be mentioned in my hearing. Thank Heaven ! I am able to pursue the great work to which I have devoted myself, without the aid I might have expected from Dom Christovao. The small matters in his cellar were never particularly curious, and I believe I have all the varieties therein contained from other quarters. See this Lachryma Christi ; it is the only wine Italy now produces that is at all dangerous from its insinuating properties : yet it is the country which, as grave authorities inform us, was once famous, or, I should rather say, infamous ” — (the Padré, here hastily correcting himself, took a huge gulp from the cup he had filled at the moment) — “ for vinous poi-

sons: witness the wines of Calenum, of Formia, and of Massicum; also the ancient Falernum, which was drunk by the Romans mixed with honey or the Greek wine of Chios. The lava of Vesuvius, flung from that burning hell upon earth, is, however, still employed in nurturing this peculiarly insidious beverage to the ruin of souls. Taste it, my son!"

Nicolao, as he was bid, quaffed of the offered drink.

"It hath a nice aroma," remarked he, returning the cup after a moderate draught, "but too delicate for me. Hast nothing that is strong and rough, as well as clean to the palate?"

"Out on thee! out on thee!" exclaimed the Padré, with real or affected horror; "I fear thou dost not drink for the sake of science. Well, I suppose I must make allowance for thee;—thou hast not the pious purpose in hand which influences *my* zeal. I can indulge thy taste; thou hast only to say where it lies. I cry not up wine and sell vinegar," continued the churchman, using the old proverb, as he

gazed around him with an air of triumph, and prepared himself to describe the treasures of his laboratory.

“Behold the sparkling wine of France, made from the unripe grape, snatched from the vine by the impatient hand of man, who, eager to poison himself with the subtle fluid, waits not nature’s appointed time. This, again, is the *vin du pays* of France, — sour, affecting the lower internals: a small sample of that sufficeth me, as I find it hath but little influence on the head, and therefore no moral danger lurketh within it. In those bottles on the upper shelf of that cupboard thou wilt find Grecian wines, perfumed, and flavoured with turpentine, resembling the *vina picata* of the ancients. Those ancients, my son, were blind and furious drinkers: they quaffed to each other, crying, ‘Mayest thou live!’ and, behold! they drank that which did consume them. But I will go on to spread thy choice before thee,” continued the priest, with the self-satisfaction of a virtuoso exhibiting his treasures.

“Dost like the *borrachio* taste? — thou hast

only to open yon leathern bottle. That wine was made from the vineyards near Oporto, and is tinted with the colour of the elderberry;—you will find it strong, rough, and highly astringent. I have suffered much from that drink to be assured of its properties, and to catch the flavour to a nicety,” remarked the Padre with an air of profound resignation: “it contracts the muscles about the region of the mouth to an extent which prevents that useful organ holding enough to ensure you the exact aroma of the beverage;—thus have I been obliged to allow a continual flow of, maybe a quart, into my gullet, till I have almost sunk under the infliction. Oh! Nicolao, I have been a martyr to the cause!”

“Doubtless, doubtless, my worthy friend,” exclaimed the servitor, when he had recovered from an immoderate fit of laughing.

“Doubtless, thou art a most insolent varlet!” responded the Padre; “and, but for old acquaintance sake, thou shouldst drink of the fountain in the village for me!”—And, his feelings being somewhat hurt, the priest arose,

grasped a bottle which he had been just about to uncork, and staggered towards a cupboard.

“Forgive me! forgive me, *Padré!*” interceded Nicolao, who was too well amused with the scene to wish it shortened; “I did but laugh at a thought that tickled me. What hast thou in that bottle?”

“It was an ill-mannered thought of thine, my son,” said Chavès, returning to the table with uneven step, and again lodging himself in his chair; “but ‘leave a jest, when it pleaseth thee best:’ I have my head too full of grave matters to be easily affected by such as thou! Didst ask me the nature of this wine? — it is the growth of Spain, and will, I think, suit thy palate. It hath not the vile oak-chip flavour of the wines near Lisboa, but is quite as dry a beverage;—’tis called Xeres, and obtains its hard flavour by the sprinkling of lime on the grape in pressing.”

Nicolao drank a full cup with the gusto of a Falstaff, and the *Padré* shook his head mournfully as he received back the empty vessel.

“Nicolao, thou art, I fear, a drunkard!” —



The priest here solemnly quaffed a potion of the same bottle, and made a note on the paper before him.

“Why, thou didst not dislike thy cup when we last met at this board,” remarked the servant: “I pray thee, tell me the cause of thy present sober bearing.”

“The reason, my son, is here. Dost see these pages? — they belong to the erudite work of which I told thee. When my book is, by the permission of the Holy Office, put forth to the world, I shall have my reward for all I have suffered. Once, indeed, as ungraciously thou dost remind me, I did indulge in drink; but good hath come out of evil. My attention was thereby drawn to the vice in others; and my head hath been, by practice, enabled to prosecute the study in which I am now engaged. I have, of late, drunk only for edification. I can tell the flavour of the rose in common wine; well may it blush, to urge the unhappy drunkard to excess: — I can tell, too, when the flower of the vine hath been steeped in the juice, after the manner of the Egyptians.”



The Padré's head was now lolling from side to side, and his visual orbs rolled in time to its measured movement, as the goggle-eyes in a face attached to a Dutch clock, work with the pendulum. Still he continued the display of his vinous lore, much to the edification of his guest, who did not fail to test such of the bottles as were conveniently within his reach, the churchman setting him a fair example.

“ I can detect the orris-root in the wine of the French :—dost think I cannot ?” (hiccup !)  
“ I know the wine of Shiraz and Syracuse, and Rhenish and Moselle ; and I know when they don't give me the right stuff for my money.” (hiccup !)  
“ Let me catch that vile Pinto of Lisboa selling me small wine doctored with the flavour of Johannisberg, and calling it by that holy name.” (hiccup !)  
“ I will have him before the Inquisition :” (hiccup !)  
“ I will explain to the right reverend fathers how alcohol, combining itself with the attractive fruity matter, loses its fiery properties, and is a wholesome drink,—taken in quantities not less than a quart, Nicolao,” (hiccup !)  
— “ not less than a quart.” (hiccup !)  
“ Help thyself.”

Here the *Padré* had arrived at that unhappy condition when he could no longer help himself, and sank into a heavy slumber. Nicolao called Antoine, and, commending the philosophical priest to his servitor's attentions, betook himself to his horse, as he had not the least wish to meet Marguerita, fearing she might unjustly lay the blame of her reverend uncle's apparent intoxication to his charge, instead of ascribing it to the *Padré's* having been overcome by study. He had not, however, proceeded a quarter of a mile from the village when he descried two travellers in somewhat flowing drapery approaching him: they were mounted, as well as he could discern, on asses; and soon Nicolao heard the voice of Marguerita speaking to a companion.

“*Padré Jerome*, you are a good creature, and will see me properly righted: I have served my uncle faithfully for years; and, now he has the money, he should make some little provision for me,—and then, as you say, it will be only proper that I should leave him.”

What answer that “good creature,” *Padré Jerome*, might have made, it is impossible to

imagine, he having discovered the near approach of a stranger, who immediately afterwards was recognised by Marguerita in the clear starlight, and hailed accordingly.

“ Senhor Nicolao, thou hast been to see the *Padré*, — how is my respected relative? I am all anxiety about him, having been detained longer than I intended at Lisboa;—nor could I have ventured home so late, had not a very dear friend of my uncle’s, *Padré Jerome*, of *La Piédade* monastery, offered to bear me company.”

Nicolao assured the attached *Senhora* of the bibitory philosopher’s well-doing, and turned his horse to accompany Marguerita towards the village; — not, as it may be supposed, to witness a scene when she arrived home, but considering it possible that he might elicit from the niece what he had failed in drawing from the uncle. He cautiously commenced by asking a blessing of the athletic, stockingless priest, who was seated sideways on a large ass, which had need of all its strength to bear the pious burden.

“ *Benedicite !* my son,” responded the churchman: “thou hast been to my brother Chavès?”

“ Yes, father, and I have still to seek the information I would have gained from him, as I found the *Padré* so full of his new science, that I could not get a word of guidance from him.”

“ Is it spiritual guidance that thou dost want, my son?” asked the priest; “ if so, I would offer it to thee.”

“ Thanks, father, thanks ! — it is of a more sublunary character. I think the *Senhora Marguerita* can resolve my questions:” — and here *Nicolao* turned to the *Scalsado’s* companion, and made his inquiries respecting the movements of the *Montoyo* family.

“ Thou couldst not have applied in a better quarter,” readily answered *Marguerita*; “ but I wonder much my uncle did not tell thee. There is a scandal that the *Senhora Zuma* is gone off in the disguise of a page with the *Dom Christovao* to the wars; and that the *Donna Beatrice* was sent to *Oporto* with the *Senhora*

Juana, to be out of the hearing of such an indelicate arrangement. There, now, thou hast my news; and let us leave such an improper subject for a company composed of a pious priest like *Padré Jerome*, a maiden like myself, and a servitor just returned, as I imagine, from the holy war against the infidels. How speeds the good cause in *Barbary*?"

"It is a question I cannot answer thee," replied *Nicolao*, "seeing that I came last from *Cadiz*, and the expedition had not departed for the coast. Commend me to thine uncle;" and the servitor, turning his horse's head, most unceremoniously parted company, proceeding on his route to *Lisbon*. The next day he continued his inquiries respecting the *Donna Beatrice*, and found so many and such contradictory reports connected with the departure of the *Montoyos*, that he soon gave up all hope of prosecuting his mission: consequently he devoted himself to a little love affair of his own till the first ship sailed for *Africa*, where he was to rejoin his royal master.

*Marguerita* was not much surprised to find

Padré Chavès in the state we left him; nor was the professor of vinous poisons disturbed; as, the cupboard's being for once open while his protecting eyes were shut, his niece and Padré Jerome commenced a rummage which terminated little to their satisfaction. No money was to be found. The reward which the recluse of the Arabida had promised Chavès for sundry services had certainly been paid, but as certainly expended in the furtherance of the Padré's favourite study.

On the waking of that worthy churchman, — which fortunately did not take place till the search had concluded, — he was sufficiently refreshed by his nap to put on a very dignified deportment, as he assured his friends that his studies had nearly arrived at a conclusion,—a fact which was highly probable, the greater portion of that congregation of bottles being empty. As no money was to be had in payment of arrears of services, no mention was made of Marguerita's intended falling-off from her allegiance. Padré Jerome was offered a bed for the night, and on the morrow departed;



having advised the niece to continue with her uncle, as, upon second thoughts, it might not be a prudent, or indeed a grateful or proper proceeding, to forsake her infirm relation ; — and, as to the peculiar view he took regarding the necessity of experimentalising on himself, it was not for the laity to judge the actions of the priesthood.

We have sought with much earnestness for further notice respecting *Padré Chavès*, but in vain. In the library appertaining to the convent at Belem, there is a learned treatise, published by permission of the Inquisition at Lisbon in the year 1580, — “ On the subtle and dangerous influences of Vinous Poisons : ” together with a marvellously curious Discourse on the possibility of forming a Society of Water drinkers. Much of the title-page is wanting, but we are inclined to give the credit of this erudite work to our friend *Padré Chavès*.



## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE EXPEDITION.

IMMEDIATELY the Spanish reinforcements arrived, which, large as had been the promises of Philip, amounted to little more than two thousand men, Dom Sebastian departed from Cadiz with four galleys, and landed at Tangiers on the 6th of July 1578. The fleet had proceeded direct to Arzilla, a Portuguese settlement further to the south-west on the Barbary coast, and nearer El Araish, the ostensible, though, as the reader is aware, not the only object of the expedition. The King had detached himself from his army, in the hope of learning the disposition of the Moorish forces from Dom Duarte de Menèzes, the intelligent

governor of Tangiers, who, having passed many years in his African command, was well acquainted with the resources of the country. At this fortress, Sebastian, moreover, expected to be joined by Muley Hamet, the dethroned Moorish emperor, nor was he in either of these objects disappointed. Dom Duarte had made himself acquainted with the movements of Muley Moloch's forces, — which, threatening to pour on the invaders an army nearly five times their numerical strength, still did not appal the sanguine monarch; — and Hamet was awaiting his arrival with about three hundred mounted followers, and his son, a boy of twelve years of age, who was delivered into the hands of the Portuguese, a pledge for the fulfilment of his father's treaty with their king.

Sebastian remained but two days at Tangiers, to draw from that garrison all its available strength; and then sailed for Arzilla, accompanied by Dom Duarte and his new ally. The former of these, a tried and experienced soldier, regarded the expedition as a species

of forlorn hope, in which all were bound to perform their duty, however apparent the desperate nature of the undertaking; the latter was intent on deceiving the Christians into a belief of his firm support, which he meant should only continue so long as their successes advanced his cause: deliberately had he resolved, — should he re-establish his Mahomedan party, and thus be enabled safely to break his present engagements, — on the destruction of allies whom he hated even while he invited them to the shores of Barbary.

The Christian forces encamped outside the walls of Arzilla — that town being too small to contain so large an army — we shall now briefly enumerate. The Portuguese infantry, arquebusiers, musqueteers, and spearmen, mustered nearly nine thousand strong: — the auxiliary foot-soldiers comprised two thousand Castilians, under command of Don Alonso Arguila; — two thousand Germans, their general an experienced officer named Aubrey; — and the Italian mercenaries, commanded by Sir Tho-

mas Stukely,—this gallant adventurer with his followers emulating in those later days the career of certain free companies, which, in the wars of a former century, were ever ready to throw their swords into the balance on the side most likely to ensure them renown, or rather the more substantial recompence of pay and plunder. The Christian squadrons combined the chivalry of Portugal, with many noble volunteers from other nations anxious to share in the crusade, for such it was generally esteemed. These dons and cavaliers,—the heads and scions of the most ancient families in Europe,—may be computed at twelve hundred horsemen: they were commanded by Dom Christovao de Favors, a leader of courage, but little experience. Adding to this gallant band Muley Hamet's followers, the mounted force of Sebastian would appear to have numbered about fifteen hundred. His artillery train consisted of twelve guns, which we must in courtesy call field-pieces, though they were far from light of transport; and his personal staff comprised

two-thirds of the Portuguese nobility, together with about thirty ecclesiastics in attendance on the bodily as well as the spiritual welfare of the warriors : they were, in fact, the surgeons of the army. We will not fill our pages with illustrious names which concern not our story ; it may suffice to say that Christovao de Montoyo was among the most assiduous followers of the King. Though, with assumed diffidence of his own abilities, he refused all military command, he (holding the less conspicuous appointment of royal aide-de-camp) succeeded in making himself the mover of the whole expedition, the adviser of his unsuspecting sovereign when safer counsellors were not near, and the subverter of every plan that seemed likely to aid the Christian cause.

As no doubt existed, amongst those who considered themselves the best informed on the subject, that Sebastian's return to Portugal would be immediately followed by his marriage with the Princess of Spain, Christovao contemplated the successful termination of the

African expedition as the certain consummation of his family's dishonour. It is a strange reasoning by which we are accustomed to regard our own failings so partially, as not to perceive in them the moral lesson which is so apparent to us in the faults of others. Beatrice had dishonoured her family by becoming the mistress of the King; Sebastian had offered insult to the house of Montoyo, and premeditated injury to its representative, by the seduction of his sister: but Christovao did not consider the betrayal of the confiding, unprotected Zuma, incompatible with the honour of a Montoyo! — the favourite and adviser of Sebastian felt not that he was acting the part of a traitor to his country, in the pursuit of private revenge on its king! No! — recklessly blind to all personal consequences, and indifferent to the political interests of Portugal, he imagined that he was justified in avenging, by this general ruin, the injury done to his ancient house.

The confiding monarch, desirous of heaping

favours on the son of his preceptor,—compensating to Christovao for the injustice which marked his father's dismissal from the court,—had at once opened to the ambitious Marquis the prospect of a long political career. Soon the evident attachment of Sebastian to the society of his sister promised to him that future position which even the wildest aspirings of his inordinate pride had not led him to contemplate. Beatrice the Queen of Portugal, the Marquis de Montoyo might ere long be uncle to the heir-apparent of the throne,—and why not regent of the kingdom?—for who could imagine length of days to be in store for the adventurous and imprudent Sebastian? The reader is acquainted with the sudden prostration of these hopes, even while events had ensured their fulfilment;—events which would most certainly have been made known to Christovao, had not his pride, which Sebastian failed not to perceive overpowered his judgment, rendered him an unsafe confidant. This pride, combined with a desire of ven-



geance, excited more by the destruction of his lofty expectations than the fancied dishonour of his sister, now consumed him, to the extinction of every better principle. One hope yet remained to him: ever and anon he would dream of making his abode in Africa, where the face of a European might never visit him; — Sebastian and Beatrice sacrificed to his vengeance, and Zuma his companion in some deep glen of the Claros. He would listen to the accounts given of their mountain homes by the retainers of Muley Hamet: then would he break his long silence, and carelessly ask if a Christian might live unmolested amid the tribes, — a question which was ever answered in the affirmative, for these mountaineers had few religious prejudices.

“So thou art not a Jew,” said a swarthy Arab with whom Christovao made frequent converse, “and pretendest not to more wealth than thy neighbours, thou mayest live amongst us safely. But why not be a renegade? I have seen better men than thou forsake the

Cross for the Crescent. It is never too late to be wise."

"A renegade!" said Christovao to himself, as the Arab, Selim, turned away after putting forth this sage axiom: "why not be a renegade? It may come to this,—and Zuma shall be the light of my harem."

Sebastian having organised his army, and appointed the superior officers to their various commands, called a council of war to determine the operations of the campaign. The earliest question to be decided was, the most advisable approach to El Araish, a fortified town which it had been from the first resolved should be subjugated by the Christian arms, if no other result arose from the invasion of the Barbary states. As a large fleet was still at their disposal, a majority of Sebastian's military counsellors advised a re-embarkation of the army,—and that a landing should be effected within a convenient distance of El Araish, rather than expose the troops to a toilsome march of many days, subjected to the

effects of climate, and the harassing attacks of vast hordes of Arabs, already known to have taken the field. The first who advocated this plan of proceeding was Muley Hamet, who, having received advices of the Emperor Muley Moloch's illness, had a presentiment that the death of his rival would place him on the throne of Fez and Morocco without the interference of the Christians. To delay their advance, and to divide their counsels, was his present policy. The numerical strength of the invading army had much disappointed him; and he now trusted more to the expected decease of his uncle, (an event which, it is to be feared, he was not guiltless of hastening by the poison of his emissaries,) than to his foreign allies.

Whatever might have actuated the suggestions of the Moorish prince, it appeared to Sebastian's more experienced counsellors that his advice was judicious; but that monarch opposed the re-embarkation of his army, supported by his young nobility, who, with their

ardent King, looked upon such a proceeding as a grievous delay to the triumph of certain conquest, which they imagined lay before them: and, in this instance, Christovao, whose position allowed not of his appearing in the councils of his royal master, without any insidious efforts, had only to rejoice in a fatality which threatened to make Sebastian rush on his own destruction.

On the 29th of July the Christian army commenced their march towards El Araish, and, after advancing about two leagues, encamped. The following morning a *reconnaissance* was made by a large detachment from the Moorish army, which was now gathering at Tremesenal, some leagues beyond the plains of Alcazarquiver. Fifteen thousand cavalry and two thousand foot crossed the river which lay before the camp, at day-break, and approached the Portuguese videttes; but they were here gallantly opposed by Dom Duarte de Menèzes, he making a desperate charge with a small body of horse, which totally discom-

fited a force almost equal to the whole of the Christian army. The King, whose pavilion was situated at some distance from the quarter threatened, aroused by a message from Duarte, was hurriedly arming himself when Christovao rushed into his tent.

“Why this abrupt entrance?” exclaimed Sebastian, impatiently snatching his casque from a page. “Has Menèzes been beaten back?”

“That is the last fear which need distress your Majesty!” said Christovao, looking meaningly at the attendant.

“Go, Diego, and wait without,—the Marquis will arm me; and, at thy peril, let these buckles fit their purpose better when next I require them in haste!—Now, Christovao,” continued the monarch, when the reprovèd boy had withdrawn, “your intelligence! If Duarte presses on the foe, then all should be well!”

“Were your Majesty in the *mêlée* all *would* be well!” insidiously remarked Mon-

toyo. "The Moors are flying,—Duarte charges at the head of his squadron: his cry is not 'Sebastian for the Holy Cross!'—but 'Menezes for Tangiers!' Your Majesty will be armed immediately; my horse is at the door of the tent. Let me check the ardour of our troops till their legitimate commander, our noble King, leads them on."

"Right, right, my friend!" eagerly responded the deceived monarch. "Thanks for thy jealous guardianship of mine honour! Bid Duarte assume the defensive, and await further orders."

Christovao bore the ungracious message to the veteran, who had the mortification of remaining inactive till the arrival of Sebastian on the scene of action. It was only the delay of a few moments, but it ensured the escape of the Moors without further molestation: though the King madly pursued them for several leagues, at the risk of having his retreat to the camp intercepted, he never came up with the enemy. Thus was an opportunity lost of

striking terror into the hearts of the infidels by success in the opening of the campaign, and the feelings of an experienced general trifled with ; while it remained but for Sebastian to regret his impetuosity when it was too late, and make those gracious concessions to Duarte which his generous nature readily prompted. Still, in the unfortunate issue of this affair he blamed not Christovao : — Sebastian believed that an anxiety to see his King the first to reap in the harvest of fame had urged the counsel the traitor had offered, and he loved him the better for this zeal in behalf of his sovereign's honour.

The Christians continued to advance till they approached the river El M'Hazen ; but, ere they took up their final position, Selim, the Arab follower of Muley Hamet, — corrupted by Montoyo's gold, — had been twice despatched to the Moorish outposts with anonymous communications from the Marquis to Muley Moloch : these gave minute information as to the contemplated movements of the invading army.



That a traitor was in the camp of Sebastian is a point on which historians agree ; for, while the Portuguese were altogether in ignorance of their enemy's designs, the Moors were enabled to meet them at all points, from the possession of intelligence which neither scouts nor common spies could have secured them. Still Sebastian, amid such disadvantages, with confidence looked forward to the subjugation of Barbary ; and, recklessly daring as he naturally was, this particularly unfortunate characteristic in a monarch, continually received new incentives. Even while on the march to the last scene of his desperate enterprise, Dom Francisco Aldana was bearer of a helmet and plume to the young King, once worn by his grandfather, the heroic Charles the Fifth. This was a gift from the Duke of Alva ; and, though accompanied by a letter advising Sebastian to limit his successes in Africa to the taking of El Araish, — the glorious memories of history which it awoke in the chivalrous monarch, more than ever fired his desire of conquest,

and blinded him to the possibility of defeat. Had not Alfonso and John of Portugal triumphed over the Moors?—did not the helm that his grandsire bore to victory rest upon his brow?—and could the descendant of such heroes be conquered? We will now take a rapid glance at the politics of Barbary, ere we introduce the reader to the Moorish camp.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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